

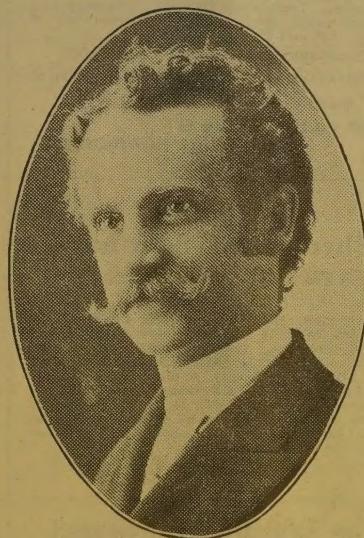
# THE PACIFIC



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Number 45



REV. L. P. HITCHCOCK.  
Pastor First Congregational Church of Alameda.

## THE PACIFIC

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# THE PACIFIC

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, November 7, 1901.

## A Prayer.

"Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly vine,  
Within our earthly sod!  
Most Human and yet most Divine;  
The flower of man and God!"



That was a beautiful prayer which the little six-year-old Hindoo boy prayed, when, after he had been taught about Jesus, he was asked to pray a prayer that was all his own. It was this: "Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old." Like Jesus! It may well be the aspiration of every soul. His life was a beautiful life. "I find no fault in him," said Pilate. Nor has the world in the centuries since then found any fault in him. "The purest among the mighty, the mightiest among the pure," he beckons man ever on toward the perfection that is in him. He will never be surpassed, never equaled.

"Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood thou:  
Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

A writer in the London Spectator tells of meeting on a steamer the first American missionary to Manila. He and his family were on their way to the Philippines at the time. The traveler says: "I remember the wife's touch of innocent pride when she told me her husband had been the first missionary chosen to go, and that she expected her little children would be the first American babies imported." He tells also of her simple answer when he made some remark of sympathy with her in having to take the young children so far from home. She said: "Well, of course, my husband might have refused; but then, you see, we had no reason except we were so very happy and comfortable where we were." We wonder how many people there are who are making their happy and comfortable situations in life the excuse for not going out in service for others. These first missionaries to Manila will never be sorry that they did not allow any such excuse to influence them. Livingstone was never sorry that he went into the wilds of Africa and opened up the Dark Continent to the light of civilization and Christianity. Judson was never sorry that he went to India. He felt ever that God was leading him along a royal highway. It led through sacrifices of ambition, through sickness and imprisonment and suffering,

through the sundering of tenderest ties; and yet, it was ever to him a royal road. He walked on the mountain-tops of holiness, and in his last days he said: "Lying here on my bed, when I could not talk, I have had such views of the loving condescension of Christ and the glories of heaven as I believe are seldom granted to mortal man." It is to such souls that God manifests himself in all his tenderness and helpfulness. To such Christ comes and makes his abode with them. In them is realized the promise: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." It was he who came down from the heavenly glory who said: "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." And again he said: "Whoso seeketh to save his life shall lose it, but whoso loseth it for my sake and the gospels shall save it." It is the law of life. "Living is giving, and giving is living." It applies to Christ as well as to us. It was because he humbled himself and came down to earth and became obedient unto the death on the cross that God highly exalted him and gave him the name which is above every name.

A correspondent of the Pacific Christian tells of the appearance at the door of a Sunday-school in California on a recent Sunday of two ragged, unkempt children, who stood there fearing to enter, doubtful seemingly of their welcome. A sweet-faced teacher approached them and said to the eldest, a girl of eight years, "Little one, where is your home?" "We hain't got no home," the child answered. "No home," said the teacher. "No father or mother?" "Oh, yes," the child replied, "We have a father and mother, but they're down on Main street saving sinners, and they can't be bothered with us." Not a few people are to be found who, like these parents, are off on what they have persuaded themselves to be a duty, and are neglecting thus the real duty of their lives. Always and everywhere the first duty of parents is to their children. And in every life the duties that should be met lie nearer home than many people seem to realize. Too many people are reaching out after the stars, forgetting or neglecting the flowers at their feet. Once when one who had been drawn to Christ during his earthly ministry essayed to follow him over the hills and through the valleys of Palestine, the Master sent him home to his friends. That man's mission was at home.

And Christ meant for many a disciple of his all down through the ages to read from that incident the lesson that neglect of the duties that lie nearest is neglect of him. Happy the man or woman who knows when to go and when to stay, and acts accordingly. And in this connection it may be well to remark that, if people would consult God more and their own desires less, they would be less liable to make mistakes as to duty.

#### The Root of Bitterness.

The murder of President McKinley was the deed of an anarchist. No personal motive was admitted. Sorrow was not even professed at the necessity of taking him off. But he represented, so Czolgosz affirmed, a social state at war with the interests of humanity. That was the assassin's justification in his own thought. And his explanation has been accepted as correct. Responsibility has been laid by all who have spoken of it, at the door of that agglomeration of pestilent social heresies which are represented in anarchy, that word of terror and evil omen. It has been a sad awakening to the American people. We had heard of the excesses wrought, in this name, in European states. But we had flattered ourselves that from such disasters this "government of the people, for the people, and by the people," was secure. Yet now for the third time the blow which we had thought to be aimed at monarchies has struck down the president of the most democratic government on the face of the earth. More than any other event in history, this assassination of Mr. McKinley has uncovered the real spirit of anarchy and revealed it as a constant, ubiquitous peril of society. And it has set our men of thought upon the search for its fundamental principles and impelling motives, if perchance remedy may be found.

As a developed system of warfare against social institutions anarchy is doubtless an exotic. It did not originate in American minds, but is an outgrowth of revolt against tyrannical conditions foreign to our republic. Its weapons were forged abroad, and its societies were brought hither by those who sought here a political refuge. It has been fed on a diet prepared by those ignorant of our ideals and out of sympathy with our institutions; animated only by a passionate hostility to social order by whomsoever devised or directed. The absence of legal restraint against incendiary speech has encouraged the mouthings of rabid demagogues; and this has aggravated and extended the alienation. A vicious and venal journalism has lent itself to the process by its dishonest and abusive play upon the prejudices of the ignorant and discontented. Lax procedure in courts of justice, which has brought their whole machinery into disrepute, as devices for shielding rather than punishing criminals, has accelerated the downward course, and the lawless mob spirit thus encouraged has completed the degradation.

There is something more than any or all of these causes, however, which has been at work. Anarchy is more than a system; it is a habit of morals; it is a rebellious attitude toward constituted authority. Its seat is in

a spirit of exaggerated independence, an opposition to restraint upon freedom, of any sort, external to the individual will.

There are differences between those who profess themselves anarchists. But it is a difference in methods, not in fundamental attitude toward the government. Some would rely upon peaceful measures for attaining this end, others are advocates of violence, of murder and rapine:

The radical element in anarchy, of whatever sort, is individualism dissevered from a true socialistic spirit. And just here is where it comes closest to our lives, and bears most heavily upon the remedies which should be trusted for its relief.

If all the anarchy in our land was that of outspoken revolt against the existing social order, its extirpation were a comparatively simple matter, and the remedies proposed so liberally might be sufficient to rid ourselves of the curse.

But anarchy exists wherever the spirit of anarchy prevails. The prevalent lack of reverence for rightful authority, and respect for our rulers, is an indication of it. For the men themselves who sit in seats of local, or sometimes even national, authority, it may be difficult to feel much respect. But the man in the office we are bound to revere. And he who would break down the dignity which hedges about our rulers is a foe to society, and essentially an anarchist; because government implies authority, and authority rests ultimately upon reverence. Such causeless attacks upon the persons and character of public men, such libelous and abusive charges and insinuations against their integrity, as have become only too familiar, are anarchy of a very pronounced and despicable sort.

We find the same spirit rampant in family life, in the slight esteem in which its most solemn sanctions are often held, in the disrespect for parental authority, and assertion of personal independence. It strikes even deeper than the household, and arrays itself against the whole organization of divine forces; against the institutions of religion, so far as these are in opposition to personal preferences; against the Scriptures as the Word of God; against the doctrines of our faith as having authority superior to individual reasonings; and more than all, in some respects worst of all, in opposition to the heart of redeeming love, and a refusal of the beloved Son as our personal Savior and Lord.

Severe, does this characterization of an unchristian life appear? Yet what, if not anarchy, is it? and how else can it be described?

Now the immediate bearing of all is, that our boasted democracy, instead of being a sufficient shield against the inroads of anarchy, does on the contrary, in some respects, afford a field specially favorable for its development; and this in some of its most dangerous forms. That very emphasis upon the individual, and that very absence of restraints elsewhere felt, which are our boast, are also our peril. For democracy, as no other social system, ministers to the sense of personal importance,

and this, unless balanced by equally positive counteractive influences, is a direct incentive to anarchy in all its forms.

These facts, therefore, are those which need to be held clearly in mind in our search for a remedy for the evils we deplore.

#### The Remedy for Anarchy.

Many years ago Horace Bushnell made the statement that the peril confronting America was a relapse into barbarism. His assertion was violently assailed at the time, but the numerous indications of a spirit of anarchy abroad in the land emphatically recall his words, and command assent to their sagacious foresight. Nor are there lacking proposed remedies in abundance for this state of things. Their very number, however, is an indication of the complexity of the evil, the difficulty of reaching it, and the partial value of the remedies proposed.

It is, for example, suggested that by more stringent immigration laws, open and violent anarchists shall be refused admission to the country. And that is right. Such enemies of humanity ought not to find a refuge here, while plotting their atrocious deeds and disseminating their abominable doctrines. But it is equally evident that, regarded by itself, the remedy is inadequate to the disease.

So it is proposed to follow this up by additional restrictions upon the freedom of speech, for those who have already obtained a residence here. And this is a wise, and even a necessary, precaution. Venomous tongues ought not to be allowed the liberty of assailing our most sacred institutions and public servants with impunity. When the foundations of the nation were laid by a homogeneous, intelligent and virtuous people, the need of such as safeguards was not obvious. Nor could such a state of things as now exists have been anticipated. In the first enthusiasm of the Republic, moreover, liberty was deemed, of itself, a panacea for every social ill. It has not proved so. The boon of free speech has been perverted into an infernal machine of vicious theories and corrupt practices, so that we have to adopt with emphasis the Duke of Wellington's apothegm, "I believe in free speech, but not on a man-of-war"; not in the midst of a population ignorant, passionate and embittered by centuries of oppression in other lands.

And yet, the limits of legal control of speech are not easily defined; and that may be the most noxious form of license which human laws are all too crude to control.

It is demanded again that our rulers shall be hedged about with greater safeguards, shut off from the approach of the evil-disposed; and assaults upon them made a more serious offense.

Right, again! Public servants should to this extent be a public charge, and their persons be held sacred. An attack upon the President of the United States, for example, whatever its issue, should be dealt with as treason against the State and punished as such.

And yet, it is very manifest that, when all is done that can be done, we cannot wholly remove them from

perils of life and limb. Such exposure, as King Humbert once said, is a part of the business of rulers, and is to be accepted as such.

Recent history shows both how little purity of personal character avails to shield the head that wears a crown from murdering plots, and how incapable are even the most vigilant guards to bar the approach of foes. In our land especially, public men, as they come from the people and return to the people, must mingle with the people, and trust the people, at whatever risk.

We may add to these protective measures another, a rescue of the procedure in our courts of law from their too prevalent bondage to technicalities, and the perverse tricks by which shrewd and conscienceless lawyers so often defeat the ends of justice. One hazards nothing in asserting that the lack of a broad, generous interpretation, and application, of law on ethical principles, and, in the interests of the virtuous element of society, is chargeable with much of the common disrepute into which our courts and our entire legal machinery have fallen. There can be no doubt that lynch-law would be less seldom resorted to were confidence re-established in the certain and speedy administration of justice.

And yet, every one knows that this is not, by itself, an adequate explanation of those conditions which make us hang our heads in shame for our boasted American civilization. Our legal machinery does need rehabilitation, but there are anarchic perils which cannot thus be reached.

We draw nearer to a complete statement when we lay stress upon education as the protective agency of our sacred institutions. People must be trained up to a more adequate conception of government as an ordinance of God, and so to a profounder reverence for all rightful authority. Beginning with the child, the doctrine of life as a sacred trust must be instilled into the mind and wrought into the character; not so much the lives of honored and useful citizens, but life as such, the lives of the humblest and most insignificant. Whatever affects these must be deemed worthy of careful thought and painstaking regulation. For it is true, as has been said, that "the unsanitary tenement, the dangerous factory, the brutal police force, the drunken parent, the insensate mob, burning its victim—these are seeds of anarchism." And the education which prepares for the due appreciation, and the extirpation of these must be a prime factor in the pacification of society.

But it must be an education of the whole man, of his spiritual faculties as well as of his understanding and judgment. And so we sum up all in the prescription of a larger, saner, sweeter Christian life. Here at last we reach an expression which covers all the redemptive forces. This is the comprehensive cure for anarchy because it is the grand constructive agency in the establishment upon earth of the kingdom of righteousness and peace and holy joy. And it is in this view that our churches are seen to be the palladium of our Republic, that our missionary operations are the most effective remedy for anarchy in all its forms.

## The Religious World.

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A distinguished professor in Harvard College was trained in a little Sunday-school in a mining town in California.

A religious census was taken recently in Sacramento. The first Sabbath after its completion the good in it was shown by an increased church attendance.

The serious illness of Edward Eggleston, the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," brings to the front the fact that he was a pioneer preacher in Minnesota.

"We are to sing not only with the spirit, but with the understanding," says one who was present recently at a long, tiresome musical service—tiresome because it was so long.

The California Christian Advocate says that the Methodists of California pay twenty-five per cent more per capita for the support of the gospel than the Methodists of any other State.

The 120,000 Christians in Japan exercise a great influence in that empire. The Christian schools turn out about 3,000 pupils every year, whose lives become a leavening influence for good, whether professing Christians or not.

A Portland, Maine, man writes that one of the most remarkable revivals of religion in recent years was initiated by the "home department" of a Sunday-school. Cottage meetings followed, and then well-attended meetings in the churches.

The native Christians in China aptly call the Baptists the "bathing society"; the Methodists the "hand-shakers"; the Congregationalists, the "one-man-as-good-as-another society"; and the Presbyterians, the "Won't-let-women-speak-in-meeting society."

Only 40 per cent of the churches of the Disciples of Christ contributed to their co-operative missionary work. In order to enlist more in that work it has been decided to establish missionary lectureships in all their colleges and to employ also a field secretary.

Miss Jennie Powers of Germantown, Pennsylvania, began attending Sunday-school in 1875, when she was two and a half years old. Since then she has not missed a session. It is thought that this record has never been surpassed. Recently she was given a gold medal.

"We ought to be improving the moral as well as the mental capacities of the children," said a member of the Cleveland school board. Others agreed with him, and hereafter the school children will study the Lord's Prayer, the ten commandments, and the 23d Psalm.

A year ago the Presbyterian House in New York City had an indebtedness of \$1,000,000. It has been reduced to \$315,000. It is thought the balance will be cancelled ere long. Free from debt, it will yield an income of \$60,000 a year for the home and foreign missionary work.

Toledo, Ohio, has a population of 140,000. On the 16th of this month a religious census will be taken by the federation of churches. It will be begun at 1 p. m. that day, and will be finished at 5. It will mark the beginning of a religious campaign for the betterment of the city.

An increasing value is being placed on the Bible by non-Christians in India. A Parsee paper says: "We recognize the advantages which are gathered from the reading of the English Bible, and no intelligent man who

takes up the book, whether he be a Christian or a non-Christian, can lay it down without feeling himself a better man."

Edward Everett Hale expresses the opinion that the Episcopal Convention distinguished itself by turning out of doors the proposition, which is ridiculous, to vote that the Episcopal body is the Church of America. When America finds out that the Christian religion of America has been put into the hands of this little company, America will say so; and it will not be left for forty-five bishops or two hundred deputies to make that discovery." Mr. Hale's opinion is, doubtless, the opinion of people generally.

A traveler visiting in Vancouver illustrates the type of men and women in the British Columbia churches by saying: "While the average contribution for all religious purposes in the denomination with which the writer is identified amounts to \$5.00 per member for the continent, the British Columbia members give a fraction over \$19.00 each, annually. To appreciate the heroism behind this record, one must know the people—see them in their homes, and recognize the fact that this money is earned by hard labor."

Seventy thousand dollars is a big church debt to raise at one time; but the Calvary Methodist Episcopal church of New York city raised that amount Sunday before last. Since the mortgage went on that building, the church paid \$48,000 in interest without reducing the debt one cent. It took \$55 every Monday to pay interest, and the burden was becoming a crushing one. The Sunday-school contributed \$5,000 toward the debt. One man gave \$10,000; another \$5,000; everybody interested in the church put his shoulder to the wheel and the burden was rolled away.

Shall we arrange a column for railroad news, and chronicle therein the fact that Mr. J. C. Stubbs, for many years traffic manager of the Southern Pacific, and now representing in the same capacity the Harriman syndicate of roads, transferred his home from San Francisco to Chicago last week? No; for this can come in under Religious World matter. Mr. Stubbs was a church and Sunday-school worker. Among the Sunday-schools that will miss him is the Pierce Street Congregational in San Francisco, in which he was for some time superintendent. At the Central M. E. church he said, two Sundays ago, that the lessons learned in that school years ago had been a controlling influence in his life. Men occupying such places in the business world as Mr. Stubbs occupies can, by their example and their words, exert a great influence for the cause of Christ. Not all men in great business enterprises interest themselves in Christian work as Mr. Stubbs does, and this is accordingly worth noting.

The last General Assembly directed that the work of the Twentieth Century Fund committee be continued. An appeal is accordingly being made to every Presbyterian congregation to take such steps as will remove all indebtedness, and in addition recognize the responsibility for the relief of the suffering, the education of the rising generation, and the salvation of souls throughout the world. The Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo has given the Rev. Dr. Minton, the Assembly Moderator, leave of absence for one year in order that he may give himself to the work of the Fund. Dr. Minton's headquarters are in Philadelphia. There, in the "City of Brotherly Love," he hopes to lead the Presbyterian church to such a manifestation of brotherly love in the opening of the twentieth century, as will hasten the coming of the Kingdom of Love over all the earth.

## Busy World Briefs.

The gift of \$100,000 announced anonymously for Colorado College a few weeks ago is thought to have come from Dr. Pearsons.

President Barrows of Oberlin says that a college education increases ten-fold a man's chances of reaching distinction and doing a noble work in the world.

Anti-co-education talk doesn't frighten the girls any. They have flocked this year, as usual, to the co-educational institutions, and the boys will be put on their mettle.

President Hall of Clark University is of opinion that the high schools of this country are fitting youths for college instead of for life. And there is, evidently, an essential difference.

A writer in the Christian Register tells of the layman's readiness to serve, and says that some of the best preaching in his own pulpit during the last ten years has been lay preaching.

A writer in the Woman's Journal says that Oberlin College is preparing to furnish the grandest congregational singing and the best choral singing of the best music in the world. The new Oberlin hymn book is a part of the plan.

Mrs. Garfield is the only person in the United States who has the "franking" privilege on all mail matter. It is likely that a special act of Congress will extend this to Mrs. McKinley. Government officials do not have the "frank" for their private correspondence.

The man who first struck oil died poor and has long been lying in a nameless grave. The Standard Oil Company now commemorates the strike and name of the man, Drake, by a monument over the grave at Titusville. It is a bronze figure executed in the act of drilling into the rock or earth.

The man who got the most applause at the National Council at Portland, Maine, was the one who announced that he would give \$50 to the American Board debt "as a token of the inestimable value of a mother-in-law." And so, notwithstanding the jokes, the mother-in-law came out on top. And she usually does, after all, for what is man without a mother-in-law?

We venture the prediction that the claim presented to the San Francisco board of supervisors, by a draying company, for damages for the riotous spilling of casks of wine during the strike, will be paid. The courts will be appealed to if necessary and will enforce its payment. The city and county of San Frncisco did not properly protect life and property during the strike, and it must in this and in other ways pay the penalty.

It is the opinion of a prominent educator that the boy or girl who passes out of the public school a poor speller will always remain a poor speller. And a large number are passing out in that condition. The old-fashioned spelling match turned many people a few decades ago to the spelling book, and made them in the end good spellers. The young people of today could spend a few nights each year in a similar way to better advantage than in card-playing and certain other amusements.

The anti-canteen law has not been given a fair trial. It is gratifying to hear General Miles taking the position that it should not be repealed until it has been given such trial. And General Miles evidently is not at all sure that the government has made a mistake in prohibiting the sale of liquors. He says, suggestively: "Our large manufacturers don't find it necessary to provide places where their employes can congregate and drink.

The railroad companies don't. There is very little drinking among railroad men, and they seem to get along just as well."

The Chicago Inter Ocean continues to criticise Professor Graham Taylor of Chicago Theological Seminary for what it calls his "sentimental sympathy" with anarchism. Perhaps Professor Taylor was indiscreet in his utterances in defense of some of the suspected Chicago anarchists at the time of the assassination of President McKinley. The Pacific cannot believe that there was more than that. But the Inter Ocean of October 30th declares that he "is a dangerous man to be invited before mixed audiences." We do not know what to make of this. Some years ago the Inter Ocean was the fairest and most reliable daily paper in Chicago. We have not had any close acquaintance with it during the last decade. But this thing we do know: Such criticism can not fail to do our Chicago Seminary harm.

Roosevelt as a ranchman was popular with the rough men of the plains because from the first he showed that he was able and willing to do his part in everything that he undertook to do. It has been said that he was reckless as a frontiersman, led a dare-devil sort of a life. One who associated with him in those days says that the cowboys who rode the range with him and the hunters who hunted with him do not recall any instances in which recklessness or lack of caution was apparent. He was simply a manly man living an unrestrained life where freedom from restraint could be found. But he was never "Teddy" to the men on the ranges. Those men have always spoken of him as "Mr. Roosevelt." It is significant that those men of the plains long ago predicted that he would some time be President of the United States.

The agitation for a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy is wise and timely. It was only last year that Apostle Cowley of the Mormon church said that the law of plural marriage was God-given and as eternal as any law ever given by the Father. And it has not been more than a year since Mrs. Susan Young Gates, editor of a paper published in the interests of the young ladies' improvement association, said: "Girls, do not forget polygamy; you cannot practice it now, but keep it alive in your hearts, and remember that there are four girls to one boy in Utah." When the Mormon proselyting is considered, and the fact that the sect already has the balance of power in several states, the necessity of such action is manifest. The people of the United States should get that amendment to the constitution while there is opportunity to get it; and that is in the present.

An Oakland man has a wife who doesn't believe in the reading of the Sunday paper, not on Sunday, at least. One Sunday recently the paper contained something in which he was specially interested and he glanced over it for a few minutes, and then thoughtlessly left it lying where the little boy member of the family came across it a little later. The mother, coming into the room, found the little fellow prone on his stomach over the flaming pictures, taking in all the trash that his child mind could take in. She snatched the sheet away, and was so angry at her husband that she didn't speak to him all the afternoon, which action on her part, she asserts, was worse than his in reading what she thinks is not proper Sunday reading. There are many who will sympathize with her, however, when they think of the trash that so often appears in the Sunday papers and absorbs hours of time in thousands of homes every Sunday, to the crowding aside of good reading matter.

### Notes and Personals.

Rev. R. C. Brooks of Pilgrim church, Oakland, spoke at Mills College last Sunday afternoon.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff goes this week to Southern California, and will spend the rest of the month in that region. Next Sunday he is to be in Riverside.

The picture of the last General Association, taken by the Rev. W. R. Bair of Angel's Camp, is an excellent one. Copies may be secured of him for fifty cents each.

The Rev. Dr. E. E. Baker of the First Presbyterian church of Oakland preached in the First Congregational church last Sunday morning in exchange with the pastor, Rev. C. R. Brown.

The Rev. Walter Frear will speak at the next meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, concerning the American Board and National Council meetings and the Yale Bi-Centennial.

The Rev. W. N. Huffman, formerly a Congregationalist, now a Baptist, resigned recently the pastorate of the Baptist church at Madera, and is again in Oakland. The Madera Tribune says: "The members of the church and many other friends regret his departure from Madera."

For various reasons, especially to avoid proximity to other occasions of similar character, the American Board has changed its Children's Sunday for Foreign Missions from January to the last of October. It was late when this decision was reached, and in consequence of the absence of the Board's representative, notice was not given to our Sabbath-schools from the Coast office. It is not too late, however, to observe the day. The exercises can be had of the Rev. Walter Frear.

The Rev. W. R. Bair of Angel's Camp was in the city last week on his way home from San Jose, where he had been to give an address before the local G. A. R. Mr. Bair is chaplain for the department of California. Sunday evening, Oct. 27th, he spoke in the Congregational church at San Jose on home missions. Many Grand Army people were present. On Monday evening a reception was tendered him by the local encampments. Wednesday night Mr. Bair spoke in the Congregational church at San Mateo, on home missionary work and experiences. There was a large attendance, and, it is needless to say, an interested audience.

It is evident that the First Congregational church of Los Angeles will sell its church property ere long. The matter of selling has been in the hands of the trustees for some time. Recently they sought an expression from the church, and the opinion was that a sale ought to be made, provided not less than \$75,000 could be secured for the property. There are, however, among the church officials those who believe that twelve months hence the property will bring \$100,000. Inasmuch as there is great need for a larger building for Sunday-school purposes and a more desirable auditorium and location, it is evident that a sale will not be long delayed.

The membership of the First church of Oakland was 1,303 the first of September. During the year ending at that time 140 persons were received to membership, the net gain being 89. The disbursements for church and Sunday-schools expenses were \$13,535. The total contributions for church expenses, benevolences, etc., were \$25,615. The church committee in its annual report says: "We are glad to note the large attendance at both morning and evening services on the Sabbath. The mem-

bership of the church has been faithful and constant in attendance at these services. There has been a large attendance also outside of the membership. The number of communicants at communion services has been large, too." The accessions to membership on confession of faith were 58 per cent greater than the previous year. It is said that Decision Day in the Sunday-school aided materially in bringing about this result.

The editor of The Pacific was at the Oak Chapel services in Oakland Sunday morning and secured six new subscriptions for the paper. There was a good congregation, and a helpful sermon from Mr. Hare, the pastor. It is evident that there is a fine opportunity for work in that field. No wonder that the people feel that the really successful carrying on of the work demands more of a church edifice. But a cozier place of worship than the little chapel under the oaks it would be difficult to find. Sunday evenings the congregations average an hundred, and from 50 to 75 young people are generally in attendance. The time was when the boys and young men got light at night under an electric light pole near by. Now they sit under the electric light in the little chapel and from the lips of the preacher get the light of life. Evidently Oak Chapel has a past, a present and a future; and the best thing about it all is that notwithstanding all that it has done and is doing, its golden age lies in the future.

We wish it were possible to bring our readers to realize how difficult it is to maintain the paper when subscriptions are not paid promptly. Many have not responded to statements sent out the first of September. This week we shall begin to go over the list again. But, why wait for any statement? The date on the label bearing each subscriber's name shows the time to which subscription is paid. If the date on your label reads, "1 Aug 01," that means that the subscription is paid up to that date—August 1, 1901. It is possible for The Pacific to wait two or three months for a subscription; but not longer than that, except in a few cases, without serious inconvenience and even detriment. When people write us that they cannot pay promptly we make some arrangement, if possible, to carry the names along until payment can be made. We believe, however, that in the large majority of cases it is possible for us to receive prompt renewals, and that failure to remit is due generally to carelessness, or to lack of knowledge on the part of subscribers, of the financial stress in which so good a paper as The Pacific, with a limited circulation, must necessarily be.

The Rev. L. P. Hitchcock entered last week on his work as pastor of the First Congregational church of Alameda. Mr. Hitchcock graduated from Syracuse University in 1889 and from Hartford Theological Seminary in 1892. His first pastorate was with the Congregational church at Ellington, Connecticut, where he remained for five years. In 1897 he took charge of the Evangelical Congregational church of Schenectady, New York, where he remained until August of this year, when he resigned to come to the Pacific Coast. It was with much regret that his resignation was accepted by the Schenectady church. Preaching for the Alameda church a Sunday or two in September, and mingling with the people socially in company with Mrs. Hitchcock, the church felt that the right man to succeed Mr. Scudder had appeared and a hearty call was extended him a few weeks later, while he was supplying the pulpit of Dr. Williams of Redlands for a few weeks during his absence in the East. The Pacific has pleasure in presenting

to its readers, this week, the picture of this new pastor. Inasmuch as Mrs. Hitchcock is an experienced kindergarten Sunlaiy-school worker and a real "pastor's assistant," for completeness the paper should have her picture also.

The Rev. Dr. Frank Crane enters on the pastorate of the People's church in Chicago, at a salary of \$7,500. It is said that this is the highest salary paid any minister in Chicago. In his resignation as pastor of the Hyde Park Methodist church Dr. Crane said: "Although the People's church originated in a separation from the Methodist Episcopal church on account of doctrine, that whole dispute has died away. I expect to preach, as I have been preaching, not contention, not denial, not destructive criticism, not any sort of prospecting along the ragged edge of speculation, but a clear, definite gospel of the power of God, revealed through the Holy Scriptures and through the personality of our Lord Jesus Christ, operating now by the Holy Spirit to save men from being evil and to make them good; to transform lives of sin and sorrow into lives of godliness and peace. There is enough to keep any preacher busy in preaching the great ethical and inspirational truths of religion, about which there is no material disagreement, without the necessity of his making excursions outward along the boundaries of controversy. It is enough for me, at least, to try to bring some message of hope to the despairing, some word of cheer to the man who feels himself to be a failure, some revelation of possible righteousness, to the guilty conscience, some accent of divine consolation to the lonely and bereft; I leave the task of firing the guns of credal dispute to those who care for that sort of thing."

#### Dr. Thomas and the People's Church.

We chronicled last week the resignation of the Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas as pastor of the People's church of Chicago. It seems that the resignation was not wholly because of a desire to take up the work of founding People's churches in different parts of the country by means of the million dollars recently donated for that purpose. The following editorial from the Inter Ocean, a leading daily paper of Chicago, shows that, in the opinion of many, the People's church in that city was not a success. The Inter Ocean says:

"Twenty-one years ago, when the Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas severed his relations with the Centenary church, he spoke to larger congregations than any other minister in Chicago, except Professor Swing. His trial for heresy, his gentleness of demeanor under what even many Methodists regarded as persecution, his unresentful acceptance of the situation, the wholesome optimism of his sermons, and the pulpit method which was peculiarly his own, all contributed to his popularity among liberal churchmen.

"He had in the Methodist church a strong and loyal following. He soon attached to himself a new constituency with strong affection for him and with strong liking for his treatment of controversial questions. No man ever had a greater opportunity than was presented to Dr. Thomas in 1881. He was one of Chicago's most celebrated preachers, and the services at Hooley's, and later at McVicker's theater, were largely attended.

"Under these conditions Dr. Thomas should have grown steadily in power for good; yet, after ten years, he slipped off slowly, almost imperceptibly, in the wrong direction. He severely tested the loyalty of his congregation by eccentricities of opinion and by excursions into the realm of political and socialistic vagaries.

"Many of his friends labored earnestly with him. But he would take no warning. It was an open secret that many conspicuous men who at first had given him earnest support had fallen away from him. Some of his most devoted friends made no secret of their opposition to his extreme views, but he continued in his course. The People's church ceased to be what its founders had hoped it would be. The end was inevitable, and on Thursday Dr. Thomas resigned his pastorate.

"Dr. Thomas, when he founded the People's church, was one of the most lovable of all the men in Chicago who spoke from the pulpit. He had the sympathy of thousands of men in other churches who believed there was for him a great field of usefulness in a downtown church. But Dr. Thomas was no Professor Swing.

"Assuming to be broad-minded, he contemplated no breadth of vision beyond his own views and opinions. Declaiming against prejudice, he was violent in his prejudices, and he drifted further and further from the ideals that made him popular with the thousands who had failed to find what they sought in more orthodox pulpits. He dragged the pulpit to the level of the platform, and failed finally to exert any influence even among the liberal-minded, because he had become a navigator without a chart."

It is very difficult for a man to swing loose from the moorings as Dr. Thomas did, and make for himself and church any permanent place among the people. In "the realm of political and socialistic vagaries" there is nothing to satisfy. There comes a time in every life when this truth is realized. The men who do swing from the moorings are quite apt to swing farther and farther away, as time goes on, from the things that satisfy. So that, as in the case of Dr. Thomas, even those dissatisfied with orthodoxy, come to see at last that they are being fed on husks.

#### A Query.

Campbell, Cal., Nov. 4th.

Editor of The Pacific: I have read with interest "Bystander's" paper on the address of Rev. Mr. Hatch—also much other discussion, by similar writers, given to the Christian public.

Bystander is nothing if not enthusiastic. He does not write a dull line. And there is much of the same enthusiasm in other writers who, as he, so constantly emphasize the "new truths," which "new truths," they insist, the pulpit of today is under such pressing obligation to preach, to bring this world to Christ.

Now, it would greatly facilitate the recognition of these "new truths," by the ordinary class of preachers, who presumably are less astute than Bystander, if he would kindly state in The Pacific just what these "new truths" are, that supposedly have lain concealed in the Word of God from the Christian scholarship of all these bygone ages. A discussion of them is not what we want, not a solution spreading over columns; but a brief, accessible, formulated statement. Label them, if you will, so that it may be known just what they are. If they are clearly conceived, they can be formulated.

There are many who are desirous of knowing in what their theology has fallen short.

Of course, "new truths" in Scripture are what is meant. For our function is not to preach physics, but the Word, as Paul counseled Timothy.

Will Bystander give us, in definite formulae, just what these "new truths" of the Word are which he evidently thinks not a small proportion of present-day preachers have failed to discover; and so do us a much-needed service?

W. Windsor.

## Blue-Monday Papers.

By W. H. G. Temple, D.D.

After the Sermon.

After the sermon what? The immediate after-effect is apt to be a severe reaction, or a calm gratitude. Woe be to the preacher who sits down in pride or self-congratulation. Perhaps there has been little responsiveness in the audience. Truths which seemed to him charged with power have brought down no game. Pathos overflowing with tenderness has caused no tears. Arrows of conviction have bristled through the air, but have fallen quivering in no hearts. In the absence of these external evidences of success, the true-hearted, though faint-hearted, preacher is apt to indulge in a momentary relapse into unbelief, and imagine that because he has apparently failed, the cause is lost. To think that he should have studied so, labored so, hoped so, and yet be doomed to disappointment! How many splendid men have gone out of their pulpits with down-cast countenances, because of their own impatience of results! But perhaps the experience has been otherwise. A bowed head has betokened a wounded conscience. An uplifted handkerchief has indicated an opened fountain of emotion. A glistening and glad face has meant a newly-found peace. Then how holy is that first after-moment! What gratitude to God for the wonderful privilege and honor of preaching the gospel! What humility combined with what exaltation!

Tired? He ought to be. Every spark of vitality ought to have gone into that message. I would give very little for its spiritual power if it did not use him up. As he has come in touch with needy and sin-sick humanity, virtue ought to have gone out of him, as it did from his Master.

It is this thought which, in my opinion, makes a sermon that has been preached too sacred a thing to be read by its writer for criticism before a ministerial association. It is an old-established, but I think a vicious, habit of our Congregationalism. At every meeting of our brethren in this capacity, almost the first thing on the program is the reading of a sermon. Four or more critics are appointed to comment on its merits and defects. If there is anything that should escape this ordeal, it is the sermon. Tear the essay to pieces. Pull the threads out of the professional dissertation. But let the sermon go. It was blessed of God from its conception to its delivery. It lifted up a groveling life. It opened the kingdom of heaven to a believing soul. It put a rescuing arm around a wandering prodigal. What right have men, who know nothing of the circumstances that called it forth, or of the fathomless depths of emotion that lay under it in the preacher's heart, to sit upon it in the coldness of criticism, even though it be tempered with the warmth of moderate commendation. It is not a mere literary production. It has God in it. It is a sacred and inviolable thing. The man who delivered it breathed the totality of his being through it. Let it alone. Let the association listen as though its members were the original audience. Let them supply their need at its fountain. They, too, need to be preached to. Let a hush follow its conclusion, and then a prayer that he who has reproduced his sermon for their benefit may be continually blessed as he ministers to others.

A sermon that is not too sacred to the author to undergo the academic and often trivial form of overhauling it generally gets at the hands of association critics, is not worth preaching to a congregation of immortal souls. And why should it be thus sacred? Because in his divinest moments the preacher has produced it, and because when he poured it out of his full soul every ele-

ment and item of his life went with it. He ought to have been thoroughly tired out when he got through. But should he have been conscious of it? I think not. A man who loves to preach will not feel the fatigue if he be physically well. The immediate result will be rather that of exhilaration. Every muscle will be a-quiver. Every faculty will be alive. He will rather feel like going on indefinitely. If his theme has been a lofty one—and it seems to me that the average pulpit theme of today is below the standard in this regard—he will be in a sort of intoxication of delight. He will need calming and cooling. The physical reaction will not come until after the mental exhilaration has settled down into genuine gratitude for the privilege and honor of preaching.

But is there not another reflex action upon the preacher of which we must not lose sight? In the very act of preaching has he not increased his own spiritual capacity? Dealing with truth, has he not received enlarged visions of truth? Has he not so quickened his own perceptions, that were he to express again these thoughts of his, he could not only intensify them but enrich them? I believe there is a cumulative action of the mind which gathers impetuosity and regularity of motion as it proceeds. And it makes little difference whether the sermon be written in full and committed; or read, or be prepared to be driven with a free rein over the track of its thought. If it has been read with the soul as well as with the lips, the same cumulative process will have been going on. God will seem grander, Christ more precious, sin blacker and salvation richer and fuller, as the sermon proceeds.

And with its growth of thought should come also its self-application. Shall he who has uttered warnings not take them, or administered comfort not receive it, or urged to service not be industrious, or pictured the cross not kneel before it? Shall you and I, brethren, who talk of faith, go with downcast heads? Shall we who speak of victory act as though we were courting defeat? Are our words of sympathy and love to be followed by fretfulness and peevish littleness of nature, that shall turn our sermon into a travesty? What was the strength of the Master's utterance? Its beauty? More beautiful thoughts were never spoken. Was it his courage that told upon the multitudes that heard him gladly? Bolder prophet never walked the earth. Was it the sublime reach of his imagination that made him an easy conqueror in the arena of speech? The world has never heard such parables and precepts. These things may all be said in their fullness concerning Christ, the orator. Here, however, was not his real power. It was in the fact that he practiced what he preached. When he laid down a rule he followed it. When he enunciated a doctrine he lived it. He not only taught the truth to men, but he declared himself to be, and was, the truth.

Has there ever been another who practiced what he preached? The church has too many men who drop honey from their lips in the pulpit, and flash fire from their eyes at home. There is no cloud in the homiletic sky. There is little else in the domestic sky. If we preachers should tell the truth in this connection, we would humbly accept for ourselves the confession of the great apostle: "We also are men of like passions with you." Sanctimonious talk is cheap, because of its immense over-production. Thoroughly sanctified action is rare enough to be ticketed with a pretty high price. Sometimes the professions are made by one man, and the unheralded performances are wrought by another. Only in one life have the two tides of promise and fulfillment reached their spring flood. Let us apply these principles to ourselves as preachers of the gospel. Preaching

the grandest truth known to men, ought we not to live the grandest lives also? If there be any power in purity, humility, trust, courage, kindness, frankness, charity, an utter lack of suspicion, dictatorship, vindictiveness, ought not our praise of the one and our condemnation of the other, to be followed in our own lives by corresponding results?

The world is after us every day. It says quite sharply on Monday morning to each of us, "What did he say yesterday?" It rubs its hands together on Saturday night, rolls up the whites of its eyes, and, with a supercilious sneer on its lips, "What has he done during the week?" The newspapers are ready to catch up the slightest misunderstanding we may have with each other, or with our people, and magnify it. The devil is never so happy as when a cloud covers a clergyman. We are continually under fire. We attack the evil in the world, and then are soon made to stand on the defensive. Our characters are all most of us have. All of the rhetoric we are capable of will not make up for a single slur that may be truthfully cast at us. Having preached with the best of our ability to others, let us, as we sit down at the conclusion of our sermon, look not only into the faces of our audience to see visible results, but into our own hearts as well, to realize a lofty purpose to live daily before our people as we have striven to tell them to live in the sight of God. Depend upon it, from whatever standpoint you view it, the sermon ought to be a mighty manufacturer of manhood, and fails of its purpose if this result is not reached in both people and preacher.

#### Bright-side Straws.

W. N. Burr.

An hour in the study with some of the latest papers and periodicals has been an hour crammed with encouragements: Lo, the poor pessimist! what will become of him as the years pass, and it becomes more and more evident that the Master was not indulging in idle chatter when he bade his disciples to pray, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Christ's teaching all points toward progress, not degeneracy; towards the overthrow of Satan, not his greater enthronement. Christ turns the faces of men towards the light, not towards darkness; he gives them a bounding hope, not a wail of despair. It is difficult to see how a Christian and a pessimist can be one and the same person, for the spirit of Christianity and the spirit of pessimism are certainly contrary, the one to the other. And there are signs of the times that indicate that human hearts are catching more and more the Christ-ideals, and learning to live by them.

A few of the straws picked up in this hour's reading: From a leading editorial in the Los Angeles Times: "The tragic death of President McKinley, so well and universally beloved by all classes, has led this nation to realize as never before the value of Christian manhood. The young men of the land who heretofore have thought, perhaps, that religion was all well enough for old people and for helpless women, have been led to realize that it was Christianity that made glorious the heroism that sustained our martyred President, and enabled him to face death in triumph. It was a forcible lesson on the power of Christianity, and the divine luster which it imparts to human character. \* \* \* What but the Christ-spirit could so fully round and perfect the character of the beloved President, whose loss the whole nation mourns today? No grander heritage can be given this people than lives like this. They are as enduring as eternity, and their light shall never fail. \* \* \* Our young men are thinking today that it is well worth while to be Christians if it will enable them to live as nobly as McKinley lived, and to die as triumphantly."

Is it too much to say that since the tragedy at Buffalo the secular newspaper has become a closer ally of the Church of God in its endeavor to hasten the coming kingdom than ever it was before? The secular journalism of the day is not all "yellow journalism."

Another little straw bending towards the bright side of things was found in a letter published in a secular paper, from a teacher who was one of the party of more than five hundred teachers who sailed for the Philippines last July to engage in educational work there. It adds to the encouragement to be assured that the writer was one of the *men* of the party. He wrote: "With the dawning of the first Sabbath on shipboard there came an instinctive spirit of reverence. We listened while the captain read the Episcopal service in the morning. There was a 'gospel meeting' in the afternoon, and our hearts went back to the homeland, upon whose virtues we exhaust our efforts at praise by calling it 'God's country.' We know that in Christian America we are not forgotten, and that from worshipping congregations and countless home altars, prayers are being offered for the safety of the good ship 'Thomas' on her voyage of hope and light for the Philippine people."

The Christian optimist finds a great deal in all that to feed the fires of his hope; but what is there for the pessimist, to add fuel to his despair, or to furnish black pigment for the mournful picture he is forever painting? Among those teachers are probably many who do not give much thought to the progress of the kingdom of Christ as they enter upon their new work in those distant islands; but there *are* teachers in that band who go with the love of Christ constraining them, and they carry with them threads of influence that shall be woven into the fabric of Christian civilization in the Philippines. The morning breaks. The kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is pushing its way to new territory. It is indeed an errand of hope and light for the Philippine people upon which those teachers have gone, and they will *help* to make the name of Christ understood and honored there as it never has been before.

Another straw was found in the cheering report from Alaska in the October Home Missionary, concerning Nome's new church. "Our old quarters proved entirely inadequate for the work," writes Pastor Davies. "More people went away some Sunday evenings than we had inside, because there was no room for them. \* \* \* It was with some misgivings that the pastor, at the close of the evening service, Sunday, February 24th, called for volunteers to begin the work preparatory to putting up a new church building, asking them at the same time to bring their picks and shovels. But much to his joy twenty-five appeared on the scene bright and early the next morning, ready for action. \* \* \* The church is up now, and is in every way well built, neat, warm and commodious.

\* \* \* And whatever others may think or say, all here believe that a church, built in midwinter, almost within the Arctic circle, built in three weeks, built almost entirely with free labor, and better than all, because the end of all, filled with people eager to hear the glorious gospel of the grace of God, is an achievement worthy of being recorded."

There are stupendous evils in the world today; but an hour's reading reveals the glory of the kingdom of Christ flashing in every direction. Above the turmoil of sin and distress rises, in greater volume than ever before, the sound of many voices breathing the aspiration of the Christian hymns, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom.  
Lead Thou me on."

Corona, Calif.

## Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

## Merry Christmas for Armenians.

I voice an appeal made by beloved missionaries at Aintab for a renewal of pictorial kindnesses to the saddened Armenians. Since we last sent them almost a snow-storm of pictures by mail they have passed through the horrors of the massacre. It is significant of time's healing touch that they long once more for cards and pictures to brighten their humble homes. It seems that the college students use their vacation for special missionary efforts and that bright American cards and pictures add to their influence in approaching others. So I pass on the hint to others. Spare of your abundance to the college boys of Aintab. Direct to Rev. or Mrs. Fuller. That little photo, worn Christmas card or chromo which burdens your table and is almost a candidate for your waste basket, but is yet a little too good for it, is a bonanza for a child in a cheerless, toyless country. So would pictures be, cut from our papers and magazines. If you want to make a picture picnic, gather your class or your Junior Endeavorers and let them contribute together. Girls will gather easily. It will be harder to corral the boys. But that can be done. If you put on them the manly task of pasting and tying up the cards and pictures in strong packages and carrying them to the postoffice, it will interest them. Tell them to tie the packages and gum them thoroughly, for they must go by rail and sea some seven thousand miles, and for the last hundred and fifty miles they will be shaken and jolted on horseback. The dear missionaries mourn many books and papers lost, and plead for great care in wrapping them. Then, too, Turks hate to have American books and papers circulate in their country. They fear the light. Men who will steal a woman and demand a hundred and ten thousand dollars as her ransom price will not hesitate to appropriate pictures. Let us send many in hopes that even stolen pictures may do the thieves good. Cruel Turks have bade their wives find out from the Armenian women who Jesus was. They said, "The Armenian women always say Jesus as we cut them down." "In His Name," friends all along our coast send a fusilade of cards and pictures and little Christmas books, which will brighten the humble homes among the Armenian hills. If you only knew how humble they are. Postage is very cheap—one cent for two ounces. It would not be a bad idea for foreign missionary circles to get some boys to read about Aintab and its college. If more are sent to Aintab than can be used there they can load a mule with large sacks and supply Marash. Let's have a great clearing-out of closets and drawers. Cut up McClure's and empty out the accumulated pretty advertising cards. Santa Claus will fill you up again. Nature abhors a vacuum. So does Kris Kringle. Your Christmas will date from the time you begin to heed Aloha's appeal. Mine has begun in writing to you about it. I have some mule-bells, whose music I followed through Kelis and Antioch. How eagerly Hagipes will say, "The mail has come." He will rush over to the little stone postoffice before the Turks get time to finger the mail, and may need to borrow Mrs. Fuller's little donkey to get your packages over to the colleges. If any dear "shut-ins" want sympathetic share in this labor of love, let them rain in some package of pictures to Doctor Shepherd's Hospital at Aintab, Turkey. I remember yet how some of his suffering patients welcomed one of your California friends. You cannot give as Carnegie does, but you can "cup" this acorn with a cup of kindness to bleeding Armenia. In the name of the Christ child!

## A Day of Privilege.

It was a joy to rise early. There was no fog. The late rain had washed the air sweet and laid the dust. And though the great Methodist church of San Jose held its Sunday-school for the first time before service, we were there in time to see it; and were privileged to talk to the splendid school fifteen minutes about missions. Mirabile dictu!—got through in fourteen and three-quarters. Tell the Doctor I'm improving. A man is a fool who will make a practice of stealing the time of others. It was a real evangelical joy to see a church full of people listen to an old-fashioned discourse on the blessings of church membership. Not a word of evolution in it. No hint of it. Nothing against evolution. No sensational stories. Straight-ahead gospel talk. It was easier to follow that pastor in the pulpit than to keep up with him on a wheel when he raced "Bystander" and "Aloha" from Oakland to the smooth pavements of Alameda on a wheel. About sixty joined the church; among them six beautiful boys. God bless them! The happy pastor's heart seemed large. His hand of fellowship was hearty. Not only his hand, but the hands of the whole body of church officials, about thirty, were given alike to those coming in by probation, by letter and into full membership. There ought to be a very small percentage of backsliding in such an atmosphere of heartiness. Have I written the pastor's name? Alfred Kummer, D.D. Oakland knows him well.

In such assemblies of the Church of God lies the hope of the nation and the surety of the coming of the Savior's kingdom. After a live Sunday-school and a glowing church service, almost the whole congregation tarried for a class-meeting, conducted by the pastor in the church auditorium. It is a new feature, begun this "red-letter day," and to be continued monthly. Three years are not enough for Dr. Kummer. Five have not made him "go."

## Brother Hatch and Henry Ward Beecher.

I have no side to take in the discussion following our late most brilliant Association. I thank Brother Hatch for his ringing paper. It made noble fire for the truths on the other side which followed. And one need not be two-faced or double-hearted in thanking men who wrought so sincerely in presenting truth on an opposite side. It is nearly fifty years since President Finney gave me the right had of fellowship. I've seen him and heard him in heights of appeal which Moody, Spurgeon, Beecher never quite reached, though all of them preachers of higher average of interest than the great lawyer preacher. Could he have heard Brother Milliken's story of standing by his grave and praying he might be anointed with some of the power Finney had, he would have sobbed out in his great simple, tearful, childish way, "God bless you, brother!" as he did when Frederick Douglass was once smitten to the heart by his preaching and in the great Oberlin congregation confessed his backsliding. In partial confirmation of Brother Hatch's position that people do not care much to hear evolution preached I have to testify that I never saw seats to spare where Beecher preached until he gave special attention to evolution. I loved Mr. Beecher and am not opposed to evolution, nor afraid of it. I believe in it as I do in gravitation. But short and rare sermons on either subject would suit me. I think the ten years of Beecher's preaching before his mission of preaching evolution began were unsurpassed in the pulpits of the nineteenth century. If I could I would put "Plymouth pulpit" for those notable years in the library of every young minister in the land. They will richly repay any young man to look them up, study

them, absorb them, appropriate them. God's heart is in them and God's heart is the medicine for the world.

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### Jennie M. Long.

A Sketch by Mrs. Clare O. Southard.

"Shall I read for you?" We were seated in the reception room of the beautiful new flat, at 2152 Sutter street, into which Miss Long had just moved. I had been shown all the conveniences, had admired the spacious studio in which, as the months go by, recitals will be given, rested my eyes by a long look at the fresh green grass plot seen from the rear windows, and had returned to the above-mentioned room, when Miss Long said, "Shall I read for you?" It was a rare opportunity, and intently I listened while she read the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians—that chapter so full of the love which every one ought to have—and "Thanatopsis." As she read I could see the shades pass, generation after generation, the room seemed full of them; and she read on, unmindful of me, or that I alone constituted her audience—mindful only of what she was reading—producing upon me an impression which will ever remain. Her—

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan \* \* \*

Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams"—

seeming almost as if intended for me.

Miss Long broke the silence which followed the reading by speaking of the occasions on which she had given these selections in public, and of the words of appreciation bestowed upon her. This led her to tell me something of her life and work.

Ever a student, she persevered in her studies despite the opposition of both father and mother. After the death of her mother she borrowed money, entered the School of Oratory in the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., from which she graduated, having done three years' work in one and a half years. She spent one year under the noted critic, Tickner of Boston, then came to California; was called immediately to the chair of Elocution in the Oregon University, having classes, at the same time, in two Catholic convents. During the three years she remained in Oregon she was successful financially as well as in every other way, indebtedness was paid and life seemed brighter.

After this she was in California for two years, thence she went to Salt Lake City for three years, where she had pupils from the most prominent Mormon families—Brigham Young's, Moses Thatcher's, and others.

Wearying of life in this community she returned to California and for a time, feeling that she was needed, turned her attention to Red Cross work, both at the Presidio and Honolulu. This ended, she came again to San Francisco, having in mind to make a permanent home and school, and to further the desire for good work along her lines, making a specialty of good, plain, natural, common sense reading and platform delivery. She found the educators of California awake and anxious to welcome work along such lines in the public schools, and she has been engaged by a number of the principals to read before their pupils. It is not her idea to amuse but to give a correct interpretation of the author whose prose or poetry she may select to read. Her interpretation of the Bible is masterly; one hears so much more in it than when it is hurriedly scanned or intoned. At a series of meetings given in the parlors of Mrs. John H.

Jewett, each program containing a Bible selection was followed by a written request for more.

An Episcopal clergyman of Montana, aged 60 years, to whom Miss Long had read the creed, meeting her the next day said, "I never had anything in my life make such an impression upon me as your reading of the Creed last night, and I found that there was truth in your statement that I did not know the meaning of the Creed." If those of mature years can learn of Miss Long, what an opportunity for the members of our Sunday-schools. They would, could they hear her read the Scriptures, soon love to read for themselves the Book at which they now glance; finding each time new beauty in it, and learning that true reading is interpretation, not simply pronouncing the words. Truth as well as—

"Men must be taught as if you taught them not,  
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

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### The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

#### The Making of a Nation. (Ex. ii: 1-10.)

Lesson VII. November 17, 1901.

##### II. The Training of the Leader.

There are no necessary men, as the phrase is ordinarily used; but men are necessary for the realization of God's plans. More than this; it has ever been God's way to use individual men as dynamic forces, accumulators and distributors of divine energy. The history of the world, indeed, is naturally grouped around certain central figures, in whom the diffused spirit of an age or a movement becomes incarnate and practically effective.

The Pharaohs thus stood for a certain type of civilization which they administered, and with which they were vitally connected. Samuel and his successors were the embodiments of current prophetic ideas, as well as founders of an order and channels of divine communication. Similarly, our Lord Jesus Christ was the human form in which the desire of all nations, their religious aspirations and hopes, was manifested in the fullness of time, thence again to become an invisible force, and to impress his living energy upon every form of human activity.

Church history, in its truest conception, is nothing less than the history of a redeemed world, social and political as well as religious. And church history centres in biography. Need we remind ourselves how the Reformation waited for Luther to give it form? civil liberty for the men who developed these American commonwealths and Union of States? how the varying aspects of temperance reform, and every other movement toward a better social state are identified with individuals, as leaders, on the one side or the other? The fact is that the world is, in every aspect of it, a "personally conducted" world. Its moving forces are not abstract ideas, but leaders, in whom ideas become dynamic.

Such reflections may prepare us to trace, as we have now to do, the development of a patriarchal tribe, first into a people, then into a compact nation, whom the Lord God would make the religious teachers of the world. That history, especially in these earlier stages, clusters around one whom not only Jew and Christian, but Mohammedans also, unite to regard as the most heroic character in all history, the Son of Mary alone excepted.

##### Jochebed's Babe.

Every story of a human life begins with birth; and this one does. We are taken back to a cottage, perhaps a rude hut, bordering the eastern branch of the river

Nile, and not far from the city of Zoan, at that time the capital of Egypt and the royal residence. It was somewhere about the year 1572 B. C. Amram and Jochebed dwelt in that humble home with their children, Miriam and Aaron.

Whether or not they were personally involved in that decree of forced labor which bore so hard upon the people at large, we do not know: for though all must have felt in some way the tyrant's heavy hand, yet there were differences among them; and not all, probably, had their "lives made bitter with hard service in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field." We may perhaps best think of them as belonging to the middle class in social rank (if such a term be not a misnomer); certainly not to the lowest servile stratum. And for the rest, that they were beyond the average in intelligence, piety, and positive character.

So it came about that when what they had dreaded was seen to have occurred, they did not accept as inevitable the destruction of their new-born babe, but actively set about measures for defeating the king's cruel purpose. When Jochebed saw that he was a goodly child she hid him three months. And when it became impossible to conceal him longer, the same mother-wit, divinely directed, devised another plan of escape.

Living as she did near the only branch of the Nile not infested with crocodiles, and so a frequent bathing place of Pharaoh's daughter, Jochebed had often seen the royal lady; had, not unlikely, been impressed with her kindly aspect. The plan of the wicker basket involved risk, of course; it opened only a crevice for hope, but it was all the light she could see; and so, with faith and prayer, she essayed the almost impossible. And she had a capable assistant in her daughter Miriam, a bright girl, twelve years of age or thereabouts. A more effective helper she had in Him whose eye was lovingly upon the babe, and who caused his cry to reach the tender-hearted princess and move her to action, when Miriam's timely proposal came in, to relieve what might otherwise have seemed an insuperable difficulty! Accident? Providence, all the way through! Just such as that which is now watching over troubled hearts:—

"Soul, forget not 'mid thy pains,  
God over all forever reigns!"

What a burst of sunshine must have flooded that lowly cottage when Miriam carried thither the princess' message! what joy, hardly kept under control when Jochebed, at the bidding of the princess, received again her babe, now no longer needing concealment from the emissaries of the king!

But again, what would have been the feelings of the king could he then, or for a long time afterward, have realized what his daughter's kind heart had wrought for his throne that day! (Cf. Matt. ii: 13-15.)

Two special thoughts before we proceed further: (1) "See that ye despise not these little ones." The majority of those who have been moving forces in the world have been cradled—when they had a cradle—and bred, in poverty, or in such straitened conditions as press hard upon actual penury. The story of Abraham Lincoln, and the picture of the rude cabin in which his early years were passed, are familiar to every reader. The childhood home of Booker Washington is unknown, only because it was too mean a place to last until he became famous. It is a pity, though, that some picture of that gutter crossing, under which he found a shelter in Richmond, could not be preserved as an object lesson.

One can hardly trace the course of our modern men

of mark, in the United States at least, without finding himself before some humble farmhouse, or miner's cabin, or newsboy's cheerless quarters, or public almshouse, or reform school, as the starting-point of their career. Almost any reader who will pause here long enough to think, can probably recall some such names. And it will be worth his while to do so. It will tend to fix in our minds a far more reverential and active interest in the children of the tenement house, in the jacketless charge of our Sunday-school superintendent, even in the offspring of our city slums, than most of us feel. Untold possibilities are there. Future presidents, and legislators, and men of science and affairs, are probably beginning life under some such humble conditions today. The most important event of the year 1572 B. C. took place, not in Pharaoh's palace, but in the cottage of a Hebrew slave. The supreme birth of all times was in a stable and in poverty. In some humble cabin of Southern negroes, the successors of Booker Washington, Paul Dunbar, and the others of honorable name, are now growing up. God's children are all of these, whom folly flouts at as "the masses"; God's noblemen, some of them. With such illustrations before us, surely there are none on whom one can dare to look other than reverently.

(2) A word to parents, guardians, and teachers. "Take this child and nurse him for me." It is a divine commission. It exactly expresses the nature and prescribes the conditions of parental responsibility. "Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord." Parentage involves a trust.

The first years of life, moreover, are the impressionable years. What may be termed the years of infancy, that is, up to the third or fourth, are not surpassed, if they are equaled, by any, in the way of character-building. The duration of immaturity in man as compared with the lower creatures has, according to Prof. John Fiske, a distinctly religious basis, in its larger opportunities for parental training. The old Jews, than whom the world has never seen better home-makers, acted upon this principle throughout. At thirteen years of age the boy was invested with the religious responsibilities of manhood. But that event had been anticipated all the way from birth.

And it is certainly true that what a boy is at that age, that, as to the essentials of character, he is apt to be through life. The foundations of Booker Washington's sterling character—that we revert again to him—were laid in that unsightly negro cabin in West Virginia. His mother was ignorant of the learning of this world; but she had a higher wisdom, divinely imparted, and she impressed her own spirit of unselfish helpfulness upon all her children. The world would have known little, and cared less, for Booker Washington, but for Booker Washington's mother. Suppose that Czolgosz had been surrounded by such home influences: what a different career might his have been!

\* \* \*

There is significance in all this, as bearing upon the life of Moses. His mother, we may imagine, was the moving spirit in that household; and she was his first teacher. So well did she perform her task that her boy carried the impressions of his childhood through all his subsequent career. By them he was made "immune" from the moral miasma of Pharaoh's court, and kept pure amid the temptations which beset a prince of the realm. The piety he afterwards showed, we love to think, was that which first found expression in the life of Joch-ebed and Amram, and became his own by entail, through the subtle influences of their lives. He was religious because they were religious. It is apt to be so. We give

what we are far more than what we have. Knowledge is good; culture is good; all the forces and amenities of life are good; and where these are the law of the household, the determining principles of parental life and action, they are apt to become the heritage of the children. But religion—piety, righteousness, godliness—is a distinct and definite boon, and follows the same lines of descent. It may be conspicuously lacking in a training otherwise admirable. And it is this for which, in all and above all, the family has been constituted. Such shelter it is the parental privilege to cast about children.

#### **Nefer-ari's Son.**

Another picture. Moses is now the adopted son of the princess Nefer-ari, and his home in the palace of Zoan. The change had doubtless been anticipated from a very early day, and held in view by Jochebed, in all her training of the boy. But there must have been a painful heart-wrench when the transfer was actually made, and it was realized that henceforth his affiliations must be distinctly with the Egyptians. But it was the will of Jehovah, and the mother yielded, as so many other mothers before and since have done, and sent her Joachim away with her blessing. So he entered on his new career, and with it received from his adopted mother a new name, "Moses," equivalent to "Water Baby" (ii: 10).

He was a beautiful child. Passers-by used to stop for a longer look, so it is said, and laborers leave their work for a glance at him. His intellect was as remarkable as his body was beautiful. His disposition was sweet, although passionate. In illustration of this latter characteristic, it is said, that once when King Rameses, who was very fond of him, playfully placed his crown upon the boy's head, Moses tore it off and trampled it under foot (cf. also ii: 12). His royal mother also saw that he had every advantage for education. And so he developed into a renowned scholar and teacher, learned in all the wisdom, scientific and practical, of his day; a great military general, also, commanding the Egyptian forces in a successful campaign against the Ethiopians (Acts vii: 22). During all this time, however, it is evident, he maintained unbroken relations with his own mother; a fact equally honorable to himself, to Jochebed, and to Nefer-ari. The cottage on the river bank had often, we may be sure, seen the princely form of Moses; and many an opportunity had Jochebed enjoyed of enlarging her instructions, adding to her counsels, and strengthening the religious principles of her son. And the result which, in one view, was marvelous, in another was simply natural. She never lost her hold upon him. And the boy grew up a monotheist in the midst of surrounding polytheism, pure amid the corruptions of a heathen court, and not ashamed of his relationship to that mass of Hebrew bondsmen whom every Egyptian, however low-born, thought himself at liberty to despise. More than this, after his royal mother's death he had distinctly made up his mind to renounce his Egyptian citizenship and cast in his lot with that body of slaves—the son of an American president, prior to 1865, himself designated as successor to that office, herding with negro slaves! But that is a feeble comparison.

And the motive to all this? One little word sets it forth—*faith* (Heb. xi: 25 27). He *believed* in God, took him at his word, trusted him, and threw himself in with God's people. "He endured as seeing him that is invisible"—and this on far less demonstrable evidence than we possess.

#### **The Exiled Heir.**

Rumors, at least, as to his position, were doubtless afloat. But the immediate occasion of his exile was this:

Being out one day among his oppressed countrymen, his heart stirred with noble indignation, he saw an Egyptian taskmaster beating a Hebrew. Quickly his wrath flamed forth, and he struck down the ruffian. He thought his brethren would appreciate his act, but they repaid it by mean abuse—as philanthropists today have often to experience. It came to the knowledge of the king, and Moses, heartsore and discouraged, fled into the land of Midian. He was about forty years old at the time. He had learned all that the court of Egypt could impart. Now for another forty years God put him to school in the solitudes of the peninsula of Sinai, where, as a shepherd, he mused and entered into the secret places of the Almighty. So God is wont to train those whom he employs as leaders of the redemptive hosts (cf. Gal. i: 16, 17). There we leave him for the present—alone with God.

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## **Christian Endeavor Service.**

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

**Missions : Preaching and Hearing.** (Rom. x: 13-17.)  
Topic for November 17, 1901.

This passage in Paul's letter to the Christians in Rome is well worth careful study. It places before us, as almost no other equally brief section of Scripture does, the four factors to be used in bringing the people of this world back to a loyal attachment to Jesus Christ. It will serve us much to have these well in our mind. These four distinct operations are sending, preaching, hearing and receiving. All the active religious work of the world, from the first to the last, may be included in these activities. Carrying on missions means attention to three of these efforts. People who have been brought to know the great blessings of the Christian life must either go themselves or send others to tell "the old, old story"; these who are sent must feel the sacredness of their responsibility to preach (proclaim) the message God has given to men; and then men must take heed how they hear.

Now, very much of the discussion and hesitancy and delay in our mission work would be avoided if we were all strongly established upon these fundamental principles of God's purposes. He has not left this consummation of his work of redeeming this world without pointing out the plan, any more than the work of Christ was left without an outline. All the way along the world has been busy, inventive and zealous in contriving and pushing other methods of religious achievement. But we have the records of thousands of years to show that no other scheme has really effected man's elevation from his sinful life to holy ambitions and service, excepting this one which the apostle so clearly states. It would seem as if it were quite time that all who care to have a helpful part in making this world Christian give their attention and efforts to the successful prosecution of these three means which are here mentioned and which have been followed from the first. And there is not the least intimation that they will ever be superseded until the work is accomplished, and Jesus sees the travail of his soul and is satisfied.

\* \* \*

First, the bearers of the message must be sent. It is not God's plan that this be left to the individual inspiration. It is to be questioned if the method now pursued, to wait until this man or that one *offers* himself to "The Board" is the better course. We are talking just now about "the office seeking the man, rather than the man seeking the office." Why not that thought in this most important service! Why not search all ranks of men and

women to select and to urge into this missiontry life the best characters the church affords! In any event, it is well—it is more in accord with this revealed plan for each church, and, in some instances, for each Christian—to search out the best person available and send him or her, with the consciousness of being the representative of some particular section, or group, or individual in the kingdom of God. The conviction of being selected and sent and watched and sustained must be a large element of strength and comfort in the messenger's service. It is better to be chosen and sent than to be "accepted."

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The second factor is the preaching. In laying our hands upon everything to make it contribute to our Christian service, there is danger that we may undervalue, if nothing worse, the work of proclaiming "the righteousness which is by faith." This is Paul's contention; it must not be coolly set aside in our modern haste. We must not be in such a hurry to rear the building of practical life that we fail to lay the foundations or measure our lumber. It must not be forgotten that "our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against—the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." The severest battle the Christian fights is not that which relates to his bread and butter, and his business prospects and family affairs, difficult as these questions may become. The battle of a thinking man is in his mind. The subtleties of philosophy and the moral casuistry which are floating in the atmosphere of his soul like thistle seeds, provoke the combat. Here is his danger; and if he fails in the so-called practical matters of conduct, it is usually after he has been beaten in the processes of his mind. So of all things he needs preaching—culture, culture, culture, in the fundamental principles of the soul-life. It is all very well for this preacher who is sent—sent near or far—to be expert in tennis, boating, golf, athletics of every sort, and have the hum of a dozen manual accomplishments. These are valuable addenda and must not be slurred. But they are addenda. He is sent to preach, and preach he must with a conviction that is above every other effort, or all else will be the jingle of brass.

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If this is done, done wisely and done as the lines are laid down for us in this Word, then will come the hearing and the receiving. Men will listen and God will add that touch of spiritual life which turns the soul from self-seeking to out-giving. "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." But that the individual must come to the personal Christ must overtop all preaching that men must come to sanitation, economics, socialism, brotherhoods, organizations or creeds.

What vital connection have you and I made with this sending?

#### **Standing upon Rights Not the Highest Stand.**

Christ forbids his people to stand jealously upon their rights, and calls them to give these up, on proper occasion, for higher ends. A life based on giving and exacting right is a higher life than one which seeks only pleasure and self-indulgence. But it is not the highest. It tends to a condition in which men are at strife with each other over their mutual claims. As Mazzini says, society is not held together by rights, but by sympathy, by self-sacrifice, by heroism. All these abounded in the life of Jesus Christ. To give, asking nothing again, was the burden of his life, and was his revelation of the goodness of the Father. To that he calls us in bidding us to exercise a noble spirit of concession and self-sacrifice.

#### **Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.**

President.....	Mrs. A. P. Peck
819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.	
Treasurer.....	Mrs. S. M. Dodge
1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland.	
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. W. J. Wilcox
576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.	
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. R. E. Cole
1367 Castro street, Oakland	
Foreign Secretary.....	Mrs. C. W. Farnam
Fruitvale.	
Branch Secretary.....	Mrs. H. E. Jewett
2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.	
Superintendent Young People's Work.....	Miss Alice M. Flint
60 Santa Clara avenue, Oakland.	

#### **Southern Branch.**

A member of the Southern Branch attended the American Board meeting at Hartford. Some impressions gathered up while en route for California are given here-with.

On stepping from the Hartford street car for the place of the meeting, a stranger came up, and asking the way to the place of meeting, said to us, "Have you come far to attend these gatherings?" "Yes," we said, "three thousand miles," "I've beaten you," he said, and to the question, "Where from?" he answered, "European Turkey." It proved to be Rev. W. T. Clarke of that mission, who went out in 1859, and has seen many hundreds turn to Christianity. Later in the meeting he spoke of taking a number of tours with Miss Stone over these very roads where she has now been captured. He was hopeful of her recovery, and said he expected to take supper with her at their coming annual meeting of that mission on November 7th. But, alas! how little we can yet see of the end! The frequent communications and cablegrams concerning Miss Stone that were read from time to time throughout the meeting were received in a way that showed the intensest interest in this matter.

In President Capen's opening address—the royally earnest and consecrated man—how every one seemed to be with him in his every word—he most feelingly spoke of President McKinley's life as one that, by arbitration and protection of missionaries, and by his death, had made it easier to give the gospel message, and "now another President, thank God, who will do all in his power to preserve the lives of our missionaries. Miss Stone's case he has taken to heart as if one of his own family, and all possible, more than appears, is being done."

The reports of officers and committees of the Board, the addresses of strong men from Dr. Plumb, chairman of the Prudential Committee, President Eaton of Beloit, Dr. Hopkins, Vice-President of the Board, Dr. Dunning of the Congregationalist, Dr. Herrick of Boston, Dr. Cadman of Brooklyn, and Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D., who was introduced as "the best known man on two continents," to President Capen's address on the second evening, "A Million Dollars for Foreign Missions: How to Raise It, How to Spend It," with burning words of experience from fifteen men late from the mission fields, gave the vast audiences one continuous uplift, increasing to the end. An uplift, too, came from the devotional seasons and earnest prayers.

Dr. Lyman Abbott's quiet, spiritual opening of devotions, on the morning of the second day, was memorable, as he unfolded most vividly God's plan of salvation, "The law and the blessing go together; the command and the promise. Go, and I am with you." We receive the latter in proportion as we are carrying out the spirit of the former.

The audience of the evening session of the second day overflowed the large seating capacity of the theatre building, where the services were regularly held, and filled a neighboring church, so that the speakers of that evening, Rev. J. P. Jones of India, Rev. W. S. Ament of China, and Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, had two audiences to address. Dr. Morgan came from Philadelphia, where he is conducting a series of meetings, for this service, and returned by night train. All who heard him must have felt thankful for such a spiritual force in our country. His power in depicting simple gospel truth and his hold on his audience are rare to experience. What a thrill seemed to go through the audience, time and again, at his words. We shall not soon forget how he said, "Shall we say the *gleam* is enough for my brother: I HAVE THE LIGHT!"

The Forward Movement was strongly presented. A member of this committee and those present at the Summer Conference, spoke, followed by its chairman, Mr. Wishard, who said: "We think we know the number dependent upon us—80,000,000. Is that too many? They are too many; we must reduce the number! What is required to occupy this field? One thousand are needed. We need \$1,200 a year for each one. We know where the money is—where the force is—but the committee won't live long enough to carry this out alone; the churches must take hold of the matter. The church that can spend \$6,000 upon itself a year can give \$1,000 abroad."

The "fellowship of the home churches with the foreign churches" was shown by red lines on a map connecting the two. "This," he said, "is not benevolence, or beneficence, but obligation."

The introduction, in the closing session, of eight new missionaries, about to start to their fields, was full of deep interest. Many young, earnest faces were in the audience, students and others, listening as these young volunteers appealed to them and to the churches. A living realization of the pamphlet, "The Students' Appeal to the Churches," seemed before them.

On the second evening session following the address of President Capen, before referred to, as he sat with bowed head after the mighty giving out of himself in most earnest practical words, the Vice-President presiding, a voice from the platform proposed the raising of the debt—that had been the minor note during the meeting—then and there. This was taken right up, and pledges began to come in. Slips were distributed and gathered up by the ushers (Hartford Theological students) and carried to the front. The sounds often return to me of the amounts read by the presiding officer and other voices about him as fast as they could speak, "Two hundred dollars," "Five hundred dollars," "One thousand dollars," "Five dollars," "Ten dollars," "Twenty-five cents," "One dollar," "Six hundred dollars," "One thousand dollars," and so on, till the entire amount, and more, was raised, the emotions of the great audience being expressed with every wave of feeling. The Doxology was heartily sung and the benediction was about to be pronounced when a voice from the audience pledged "one thousand dollars more." Again was the Doxology indeed a song of praise, and then the benediction. Joy was manifest everywhere. It was said the officers and Prudential Committee held a love-feast then and there, although the hour was eleven o'clock. It all seemed like an exemplification of Dr. Abbott's thought—the blessing followed the doing, showing faith by works.

God's providence, in view of the strange stirrings of the nations called forth from Ex-Vice-President James'

most touching heart-thoughts. In all this, "is not God speaking to me to do my full duty? Is he not speaking to you?"

The \$509,197 received during the year is \$7,358 less than the year before. The sum of \$1,618 less was received from Woman's Boards; and 1,252 Sunday-schools gave \$15,284. The Board chooses the last Sunday in October for the gifts of the Sunday-schools. Fourteen hundred and forty-one Christian Endeavor Societies gave \$21,000. Of our 5,650 churches, 2,000 are not contributing to the Board. The site desired for the International Institute for girls in Madrid, Spain, has been found and purchased. "Heathenism cannot produce a good woman."—Dr. Ament.

Many testimonies were heard that this meeting of the Board may be counted among the memorable ones in its history.

The National Council in Portland, following, deepened the missionary interest for us in the special privilege of being entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gould, parents of Miss Annie Gould, one of the Pao-ting-fu martyrs in China last year. The tender spiritual consecration pervading the home was a blessing indeed.

#### Report of the Oregon Branch.

The Oregon Branch, although falling behind its expectations in the beginning of the year, is cultivating a vigorous hope of better things in the future. The year just past has been one of conscientious work on the part of the executive committee. Meetings have been held monthly with good attendance, and much time and thought have been given to the work. Letters were sent out to all our churches early in the year, and again in the spring, urging earnest work and liberal giving; also suggesting methods of work that had proved successful when they had been tried. At our local Associations excellent programs, prepared by our local vice-presidents, were rendered, and strong, earnest, forceful appeals for the work were made by the vice-presidents. \* \* \* To fall below our pledge has been a great disappointment to us. There are reasons for the deficiency which we hope may not prevail in the year before us. And there are reasons which will probably abide with us.

The trend toward "Church Missionary Societies" and "Kingdom Extension Societies" in our State has caused our Executive Committee no little concern, for we feel that it is a radical movement on the part of our churches, and one which may make it difficult for the Oregon Branch to carry on its work in the future along the line of present methods. For wherever a "Church Missionary Society" is organized the "Woman's Missionary Society" ceased to exist. While some of these church societies have most generously remembered the Oregon Branch and the Oregon Woman's Home Missionary Union, others have thought it best to send all their funds direct to the National Societies.

Then, too, some contributions which we relied on for our assigned work were diverted to "special work," to the diminution of receipts for our treasury. We feel, however, that a broader and deeper reason for our failure to redeem our pledge exists in the lack of missionary intelligence. If only two or three in each one of our churches would take "Life and Light," "Mission Studies," and the "Missionary Review of the World," and, after reading them thoroughly themselves, would see that they make the entire circuit of the church and congregation; and together with this, if there might be a wide-awake "Mission Study Class" in every church; also, if we could have a supply of missionary literature in all our

**Southern California.**

Sunday-schools, we might hope for largely increased receipts for our treasury. The June Rally of the Oregon Branch of the W. B. M. P., held in the First church, Portland, was a meeting to be long remembered, as one of special helpfulness. We were greatly privileged in having with us Miss Borden of the Woman's Board of Missions, who spoke to us most delightfully on "The Educational Work of Missions." We hope she will come again. We also greatly need the inspiration that comes from the presence and spoken words of living missionaries, fresh from their fields of labor, who can make us see with their eyes the blessed results of work done for the Master, and also the widening door of opportunity for saving the lost in heathen lands. Send us more of this kind of help. Send us live missionaries, to go up and down throughout our State, and open up to the view of our women the privileges open to them of helping to redeem our sisters of the Orient, and we will send you better reports.

*Lucille McKercher.*

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**Church News.**

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**Northern California.**

Mill Valley.—One person was welcomed into fellowship Sunday.

San Francisco, Park.—There were two accessions to the church Sunday.

Oakland, Plymouth Avenue.—Four persons were received to membership Sunday.

Oakland, Fourth.—Ten were welcomed to membership on Sunday, six on confession.

San Francisco, Pierce Street.—The Sunday-school attendance was above a hundred last Sunday.

Alameda, First.—The Sunday morning hour was given wholly to the communion service. There was a large attendance at both the morning and evening services.

San Francisco, First.—Twenty-six persons were received to membership on Sunday, thirteen on confession. This makes 117 for the year 1901. Of this number 11 came from the Sunday-school.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The Brotherhood held its annual meeting last week. This meeting has come to be known as "the ladies' meeting," many lady friends being invited to the Brotherhood's hospitality on that occasion. Woman's Suffrage was discussed by the members. A poll was taken of the ladies present. Their significant vote on the question will be commented on later in The Pacific.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—A quiet but very pretty wedding occurred Wednesday evening, October thirtieth, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. S. Whitney, 1624 Turk street, when Miss Agnes Whitney became the wife of Dr. Howard Black, a rising young physician of Palo Alto. Dr. F. B. Cherington, pastor of the bride's family, was the officiating clergyman. Although only the immediate friends of both parties were present, the home was beautifully decorated with ferns, chrysanthemums and carnations, and the dining-room tables were showered with roses. While Plymouth church loses one of its most beautiful young daughters, and one of its most devoted Christian workers, yet its loss, we hope, will be the double gain of our church in Palo Alto, where Dr. and Mrs. Black are to make their future home.

Pasadena, First.—Three persons were welcomed into the fellowship last Sunday, by letter. The Y. P. S. C. E. takes charge of the church calendar this winter.

Los Angeles, East.—Pastor Dorland has begun a series of Sunday evening sermons on "The Great Religions of the World as Compared with Christianity."

Los Angeles, Bethlehem.—The Children's Choral class, free to all the children of the neighborhood, began with thirty members. Mrs. Rice, the teacher, wants at least fifty members. Last week, the Deaconess, Mrs. Bradley, started a class in English for foreign-speaking women. The branch Sunday-school is discontinued for the present because the owner of the building in which it has met decides to tear it down and because no other suitable building can now be rented in that neighborhood.

Los Angeles, Park.—The annual meeting was held Friday evening, October 25th. It was the tenth anniversary of Rev. Thomas Hendry's pastorate. A large number came together. Tables were spread for them by the ladies of the congregation. There was a roll-call of members and reports from the different departments of church work. The reports showed that it was a working, a praying, and therefore a fruitful church. Mr. I. M. Davies, one of the original members, gave an outline history of the church from its beginning.

Los Angeles, Vernon.—Pastor W. P. Hardy was welcomed to his pulpit Sunday, October 27th, on his return from his prolonged visit at the East. He had come almost directly from the meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. at Hartford, and in his morning discourse breathed out its inspiration upon his own people. His evening sermon on "The Journey of Life" appears to have been suggested by, if not reminiscent of, the journey from which he had just returned. His wife, for whose sake the journey was taken, comes back with health greatly improved.

Long Beach.—The new building plan contemplates the moving of the present building to the south side of the lot, and the erection of the new one on the corner, so that it will be attached to the old and connected with it by sliding doors. The new edifice will be 60x60 feet, and will contain an auditorium 48x48 feet. While the auditorium will be arranged for the seating of only 300 persons the construction of the building will be such as to give a seating capacity of 600 when Sunday-school rooms and other rooms are opened into it. This will be exclusive of the old building. The cost for the alterations on the old building and the erections of the new will be about \$5,000. The style is modified Spanish. The interior planning is such as to make a homelike and inviting place of worship.

Santa Barbara.—Sunday, November 3d, twenty persons were received into the church—thirteen on confession of faith. Nine of this number are heads of families. The pastor has been giving a series of lectures Sunday evenings on "Men Whose Lives Are Consecrated to Humanity," speaking on the work of such men as Booker T. Washington, Jacob Riis, Wm. George of Junior Republic fame, and Theodore Roosevelt. These lectures are attended by large audiences, and usually of the class who are not regular church-goers. Every year the pastor gives a course of Sunday evening lectures on some of the practical questions of the day, and usually with the result that some are brought into the church who otherwise might not be reached. For Bible study in the mid-week meetings the Book of Job is being now considered, a chapter each week.

## Washington Letter.

I Learned.

The friends of Rev. William Davies, Superintendent of our Home Missionary work for Nome, were glad to greet him as he landed from the Steamer Senator on the morning of the 27th. He had a safe and comfortable voyage down and is looking well and hearty. He reports an exceedingly prosperous year in connection with the church work, a regular congregation filling the new church to its entire capacity.

Old matters have been carefully adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties. The new pastor, Rev. W. C. Fowler, who succeeds in that capacity our Brother Davies, is already making friends at Nome as well as in the church, and the outlook is favorable for good work during the winter months. Let us, in behalf of that church, so isolated from all others in our land, plead for the richest and most bounteous fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

Superintendent Davies, after spending a week or two in Spokane, where he will soon be joined by his family, now in the East, will go to Douglas, Alaska, acting as pastor of that church, beside looking into the general interest of the denomination in the Territory.

Our Bellevue church, Rev. H. W. Mercer pastor, has just brought to completion a great fact in its history in the erection and dedication of its new "meeting-house," as one of the speakers at the recent service urged them to call their very unique and beautiful church building. This occurrence was on Tuesday, October 29th. Services were held in the afternoon, when the sermon was preached by Dr. Temple of Plymouth church, Seattle, from the text found in John xi: 48—"If we let him alone all men will believe on him." The prayer of dedication was offered by Superintendent Scudder. The exercises in the evening were of a more general character and addresses were made by Rev. E. L. Smith, W. W. Scudder, Jr., T. C. Wiswell and Lambert L. Woods of Seattle. The new edifice will seat about two hundred, is comfortably furnished, and is located in a most charming suburb of Seattle, in a rich farming and gardening section on the east side of our great Lake Washington. Two ladies of the church had found the means to purchase a beautiful cabinet organ costing eighty dollars, while Plymouth church had purchased and donated a set of neat pulpit chairs. The pulpit was given by the Kirkland church, it being one that carried with it from former days the memory of a fruitful occupancy.

The entire plant is valued at two thousand dollars. The congregation assembled on the occasion were so well pleased with the report of the Building Committee that, with hardly more than a suggestion and a brief solicitation, they pledged two hundred and fifty dollars for fences, horse-sheds and other exterior equipment.

This gives another one of our churches, after eleven years of longing desire and much effort, a home of its own, which, with the expected favorable conditions, will make its life permanent and productive of large blessing to the community.

The dedication at Ritzville has been postponed from November 13th to December 1st.

The new chapel at Brighton Beach is about finished and their service of dedication is fixed for November 17th. Pastor Chamberlain is much rejoiced that he is able to have the assistance of Rev. Jonas Bushell, who is supplying at York, and frequently at one of the two other points on his field.

Rev. W. M. Morse, late of Crete, Nebraska, has ac-

cepted the call of the Ferndale church, to which he will give a share of his time, while another share will be given to the restoration of our Congregational work at Fairhaven. He has already reorganized the Sunday-school at the latter place with favorable prospects.

The new church at Pleasant Valley, near Custer, Whatcom county, already have their church building under roof, and will push it forward to completion as rapidly as possible. Our Sunday-school missionary, Rev. H. W. Young, is giving some oversight to the mechanical part of the work, having been himself once a carpenter in his younger manhood.

Rev. Mr. Pease, lately of Granite Falls, has accepted a call to the church at Leavenworth, and has been most heartily received.

Rev. H. P. James of Colfax has accepted a call from the church at North Yakima.

Superintendent Greene spent October 27th at Granite Falls, preaching both morning and evening.

On November 3d, Principal Snow of Puget Sound Academy will take charge of the services at Granite Falls. This latter church has called to its pastorate Rev. Campbell W. Bushnell, lately of Kalama, and it is understood that he accepts.

Puget Sound Academy is reported to be prospering under its new faculty with sixty-nine students on its roll, including music, of which there are eighteen.

Seattle, November 1st.

### A Model Church Janitor.

The Pacific's correspondent, giving an account of the outward occasions of the success and pleasure of the Association's meeting at San Diego, might, if his attention had been called to it, have mentioned the pains-taking of the church janitor, Mr. C. E. F. Wagner. Comparatively few people appreciate, or even know, the great value to a church of a carefully faithful janitor. I think no church ever had a better than the First church of San Diego. I never knew or heard of so good a one. The grass plats, the trees and shrubs about the church, and the vines on it, the sidewalks and the edge of the streets adjacent to them, lack no needed care for their best condition. The doors and windows and ventilating shafts are carefully looked after. The pews of the church are uncushioned and the floors under the pews uncarpeted (out of respect, I am told, to the California fleas). No lady finds her black dress taking dust from the pews, or even from the floor, which is not only neatly swept, as occasions require, but wiped every Saturday with a wet or damp cloth. The hymn-books and psalters are uniformly arranged in the racks, a hymn and tune book with a book of Psalms in front of it, and a hymn book with Psalm book behind it, on either side. If in our various conditions we were all as faithful in our duties as this janitor in his at the church, the world would be much more comfortable to live in.

Who said that for every man the truest charity is, that he perform faithfully the duties of his ordinary calling? I once bought a buggy, in the making of which only four men had worked—in succession—each skillful in his trade, and each thinking he would own the buggy when completed. The selection of the stock and every stroke of work on it was done by men, each of whom thought he was doing it for himself. That was a good buggy, don't you know?

A. K. P.

It may take all time to determine the value of one seed.

**Book Notices.**

"Four in Hand," by Mrs. A. M. Castello, is the story of four brothers, a mother and a cousin. The oldest boy is studious and quiet; the second brother, in whose name the story is written, is an impulsive but true-hearted youth; the twins are the life of the house, full of gayety and vigor. Over this rudely matched team the mother holds the reins of gentle but firm love and deep comprehension. Cousin Lois brings sweetness and light to all; and finally, in Texas, the second brother finds a lady who, to his mind, crowns the whole with perfection. As a story the book is deeply interesting, and young people everywhere will enjoy it. [The Pilgrim Press, Chicago. Pp. 477. \$1.50.]

"The Gist of the Lessons" for Sunday-school teachers, by R. A. Torrey, Superintendent Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. Vest-pocket size, leather, 25 cents. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago. This little book met with great success last year, and will be more than ever popular during the coming year. Mr. Torrey's work is at once scholarly and deeply spiritual; then, too, it is exceedingly clear, no word is wasted, no point overlooked. It is surprising how much can be packed into so small a space, but the author's experience as Superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute has given him this exceptional fitness for such work. It is a help to be prized and utilized to its fullest capacity by Sunday-school teachers.

"Constantinople and Its Problems." By Henry Otis Dwight, LL.D. This interesting and timely volume considers the people, the customs, religions and progress of one of the greatest cities of the world. Dr. Dwight has had exceptional opportunity to become acquainted with life in Constantinople, and his book is authoritative and up-to-date. There are chapters on the Mohammedan question, the woman question, the Eastern church, schools and school teachers, etc. Both the strength and weakness of Islam are set forth and it is shown that the only thing that can move the Moslems is pure Christian character. The only hope for Turkey, it is said, is from the outside. As to education, it is said that none without the religious principle can uplift. The power of the press as an agency for the betterment of the people of Turkey is emphasized. "If Turkish or Greek or Armenian men and women in Turkey are ever to be stirred in any large sense to intellectual or spiritual life, the impulse must come through books issued at Constantinople by people who know intellectual and spiritual life." [F. H. Revell Co., Chicago; pages 298: \$1.25 net.]

"What a Young Wife Ought to Know"—\$1,000 Prize Book, by Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M.D. 288 pp. Vir Publishing Co., 1131 Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa. This book takes the subjects concerning which young women everywhere are so ignorant, and lifts them into the exalted place they must ever hold in the minds of the intelligent and pure. No other class are so entirely without information as most brides, young wives and young mothers. It tells every young wife just what she needs to know, and saves from the blind blundering and sad mistakes which have wrecked so many lives. It equips the young wife to discharge intelligently the duties of her responsible and sacred relation. It places the whole subject in the realm of pure and sacred thought and contemplation. A series of books upon personal and social purity, of which this is the concluding volume, constitutes the most marked advance ever made in what Frances E. Willard pronounced "the latest and greatest crusade." These books will do effective work in

a field too long neglected. Men and women, young and old, everywhere, need the information which these books impart.

**Magazines.**

The Preacher's Magazine, published by the Wilbur B. Ketcham Company, New York, is an excellent one for preachers, teachers and Bible students. \$1.50 a year.

The Homiletic Review for November has a valuable article by Prof. Sayce of Oxford on "Freshest Light from Ancient Monuments." The minister will find very suggestive Dr. Parker's article on "The Preacher's Use of Illustrations."

The Review of Reviews for November has an article concerning Dr. Pearson, the generous giver to colleges, such as Pomona, Forest Grove and Whitman. Among other valuable articles is a character sketch of the late Bishop Whipple. The "Progress of the World" is, as usual, complete in its presentation.

The Missionary Review for November has as leading articles: "Backward Movements of the Last Half-Century—The Spirit of Anarchy"; "Ecuador—the Republic of the Sacred Heart"; "Pioneer Mission Work in the Northwest"; "The Triumphant Entrance of Shansi"; "James Chalmers, the Apostle of New Guinea."

The Delineator for November contains the concluding paper on "Women Photographers and Their Work." In the series entitled "Stories of Authors' Loves" there is an interesting paper on Tennyson. As to fashions, the Delineator seems to contain each month almost all there are. [The Butterick Pub. Co., \$1.00 a year.]

With its November number, St. Nicholas begins its twenty-ninth year and volume, taking the occasion to make a new departure in its manner of publishing fiction. Instead of printing, as usual, a large number of short stories, it makes room for a long story, complete in itself, and filling more than half the magazine. The story of "Tommy Remington's Battle," by Burton Egbert Stevenson, is an interesting portrayal of American boy life. One-third of the number is devoted to the five regular departments—Nature and Science, the St. Nicholas League, etc. These are attractive and valuable features to its young readers.

With its November number The Century begins a Year of American Humor. Appropriately enough, it contains a twenty-page "Retrospect of American Humor," by Prof. W. P. Trent of Columbia University, with portraits of Lowell, Warner, Holmes, Harte, Hay, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Stockton, Harris, Bunner, Field, Bill Nye, Riley, F. P. Dunne, George Ade and a score or so of others who have successfully sought to tickle the risibilities of the American people. Another important departure in this number of The Century is the beginning of a series of papers on the Great West, to be contributed by Emerson Hough, author of "The Story of the Cowboy," and Ray Stannard Baker, author of "Our New Prosperity." Mr. Hough will describe, with illustrations by Frederic Remington, the heroic settlement of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and their prodigious growth in wealth and population, taking the various sorts of transportation as a motive for his story. Mr. Baker will treat especially of the spreading of the settlers toward the Rocky Mountains and beyond. Mr. Hough's opening paper, "The Settlement of the West," is philosophic in grasp, and picturesque in detail, and is accompanied by typical figure drawings, portraits and maps.

## Our Boys and Girls.

### Little Mr. By-and-By.

Little Mr. By-and-By,  
You will mark him by his cry,  
And the way he loiters when  
Called again and yet again,  
Glum if he must leave his play  
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-By,  
Eyes cast down and mouth awry!  
In the mountains of the moon  
He is known as Pretty Soon;  
And he's cousin to Don't Care,  
As no doubt you're well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-By,  
Always has a fretful "Why?"  
When he's asked to come or go  
Like his sister—Susan Slow.  
Hope we'll never—you nor I—  
Be like Mr. By-and-By.

—Clinton Scollard, in St. Nicholas.

### The Dog that Went to School.

Nero was a large Newfoundland dog. He belonged to a boy who lived in a small village in Maine.

Nero was very fond of his young master. When the spring term of school began Nero always went with Gilbert to the schoolhouse door. He would then lie down on the steps or on the grass in the yard, and wait patiently for school to close at noon. He was nice and good-natured, and when the children came out to play at recess he would get up and join in their frolics, and he seemed to enjoy it all as much as any of them.

It was very pleasant to lie and sleep out in the soft grass in the shade of the apple trees through the spring, and even through the first weeks of autumn. But when chilly winds began to blow, and the frost had withered, the leaves, Nero found it rather cold work to wait at the schoolhouse hour after hour.

He bore it quite well, however, until there came a blustering day, when the snow fell steadily. That day, about ten o'clock, Nero pushed open the entry door, which was slightly ajar, walked in, and scratched gently at the inner door. The teacher heard the sound, and opened the door to see what made it. Nero wagged his tail, shivering, and gave a pleading whine, as if he would like to say: "Please let me come in and get warm."

"Yes, you may if you will be a good dog," the teacher answered.

Nero walked in past her, and lay down near the big stove, giving a deep sigh of content.

After that day Nero always came in with the scholars when the bell rang, and took his place by the stove in a serious and dignified manner that might well have been copied by many of the pupils.

One morning in April, as Nero lay sunning himself on the piazza, he noticed the school children passing with their books and slates. He sprang up, ran into the house, sniffing and whining at Gilbert's school coat and cap, that still hung in the hall.

Then, as if he had a sudden wild idea that he might possibly find Gilbert at the schoolhouse, he bounded off down the street as fast as he could.

The same teacher was again teaching there, and she warmly welcomed Nero when he scratched as usual at the door. He came in and at once settled down quietly in his old place, after casting a glance around at the children's faces in vain.

Nero had, it seemed, made up his mind to be a regular attendant at school. He came every day, rain or shine. He soon knew the meaning of the bells, and when the

children rose to march out at recess, he, too, was up in a moment, and stood waving his plump tail until the last one had passed out. Then he rushed out after them, much like any fun-loving schoolboy.

Nero was never known to make any noise in school excepting once. That was the time when some cattle broke through the fence into the school-yard. Nero saw them through the window and sprang up, barking furiously. He would have broken the big panes of glass in his hurry to get at them, if the teacher had not quickly opened the window, when Nero jumped out. He soon drove the cattle away into their own pasture, and came back with an air of pride in having done his duty.

For years Nero came to school. He never missed a day until he grew very old and feeble; and even when his poor old legs refused to carry him beyond the piazza, he would lie there, and wistfully gaze after the children as they passed.

The boys and girls of that school have never forgotten their good and noble schoolmate. They often speak of Nero, "the dog that went to school." —Annie Lewis Pinfold, in Little Folks.

### Beecher and His Teacher.

Henry Ward Beecher certainly owed a debt of gratitude to his teacher in mathematics, not only for the knowledge acquired through his tuition, but for lessons tending to strength of character. He tells this story to illustrate the teacher's method.

He was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, soft, full of whimpering.

"That lesson must be learned," said the teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. "I want that problem; I don't want any reasons why I don't get it," he would say.

"I did study it two hours."

"That's nothing to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours, just suit yourself. I want the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy," says Beecher, "but it seasoned him. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations. His cold and calm voice would fall upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No!'

"I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same spot again, 'No!' uttered with the tone of conviction, barred my progress.

"The next," and I sat down in red confusion.

"He, too, was stopped with 'No,' but went right on, finished and sat down, and was rewarded with, 'Very well.'

"Why, whimpered I, 'I recited it just as well as he did, and you said, 'No!'"

"Why don't you say, 'YES!' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson. You must know that you know it. You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world says, 'No!' your business is to say, 'Yes,' but prove it.—The Bull's Eye."

Year after year some nameless monk labors on a rough block in some cathedral column till it turns into the very likeness of Christ. He dies, and they bury him in a forgotten grave; but every morning the light streaming through the eastern window over the head of Christ, as from the eye of the Judge, touches with gold that image of the Lord, wrought by his servant; and as the generations pace the aisle beneath, high above them, beautiful and unchanging, remains the unknown worker's memorial.—Rev. John Watson

**LOGICAL.**

Do not try to teach a little child a mystery. It is worse than no teaching. The child cannot understand mysteries, and becomes hopelessly entangled in things beyond its grasp. Time is wasted and religious growth checked.

One has but to question a dozen average children to find at least three-fourths of them have vaguest ideas of God, of true repentance, of forgiveness of sins, of practical righteousness. Their understanding of Jesus is better, because he is blessedly presented to them as real—a God-man, who loved them enough to die for them. Yet they have rarely learned how to apply his holy and divine life to their own without pretense or abnormal sanctity.

About everything else we talk to the child intelligibly, but when we speak of the soul-life the tones of our voices are altered and our phrases are such as carry no vital thought to the young mind. An everyday common-sensible language are good enough for Sunday work if we are what we should be in everyday life. If we are not, no solemn intonations, no deft use of sounding, figurative expressions will lead the young to love God and keep his commandments.

We fit our missionaries to speak to the heathen in their own tongues, but too often we speak to children with a strange speech which conveys to them no knowledge of the things that might early lead to their soul's salvation.

Is there any duty more pressing in the Sunday-school than the duty of simplicity? Are we sure we know a truth which we cannot make our pupils understand.—Sel.

There is not a book on earth so favorable to all the kind, to all the sublime affections, or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, injustice, and every sort of malevolence, as the gospel.—James Beattie.

**CULLINGS.**

Conscience is the better man within the best of men.

"Be careless in your dress if you must, but keep a tidy soul."

A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud.—Guthrie.

The harm of a creed is in converting it from a staff into a club.

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

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"Live and let live" is a good maxim, but "Live and help live" is a better.

Stay with God in thy closet, for thou shalt not find so great peace anywhere else.

A modest and quiet bearing in public is one of the marks of good breeding and a refined nature.

God's promises are to you as well as to Abraham, and you may make them stepping-stones to heaven.

This world would be a nice place to live in if each of us would adopt the advice we give to other people.

He to whom the eternal word speaketh is delivered from much needless questioning.—Thomas a Kempis.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

Some parents who set intoxicating liquors upon their table wonder where their children learned to become drunkards.

No, we do not favor hobby riding as a general thing, but we know people who would do well to make more of a hobby of religion.

**LIVING BY THE DAY.**

One secret of a sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for years. We cannot carry this load until we are three-score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes only a day at a time.—Sel.

**CIGARETTE SMOKING GROUND FOR DIVORCE.**

Judge Burnell of Wisconsin recently at Oshkosh granted an absolute divorce to Mrs. Beatrice Tracy on the ground that her husband was a cigarette fiend.

**Our Worst Enemy.**—The worst enemy man has today is unbelief; we do not believe that Christ came to bless. We are under the power of the devil. Many of us believe the lies of the devil instead of believing the words of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge; but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

**The Difference.**

There are a great many kinds of Christians—lazy Christians, stingy Christians, idle Christians, quiet Christians, noisy Christians, mean Christians, critical Christians, good-for-nothing Christians, and working Christians. Let us divide them into two classes.

The Christians that are useful and helpful, and the Christians that are not useful or helpful. Now let us notice the difference between these two classes. One class is continually bringing bundles of sticks for the fire, that it may burn more brightly—little sticks of comfort, of cheer, of joy, of helpfulness, of good-will. Oh, how they help the fire to burn! They are not afraid their pastor will get the "big head" if they tell him when he helps them. They belong to the class that believe a few words of commendation before a man is put in his coffin amount to more than hundreds of words after he is in his coffin. Blessed, helpful people, may their name be legion!

The other class keeps pouring on the fire cups full of the water of discontent and criticism and discouragement, and then wonder why the

fire doesn't burn. The Christian Endeavor meetings are not what they ought to be, the singing is poor, and there is not enough interest taken in this, that, and the other. Poor unhappy souls, you never see them adding any fuel to the fire. You never see them fanning into new life the live coals. No, but they are continually holding a funeral of something dead. They usually have a lot of embalmed troubles and discouragements, and on every occasion they drag the unsightly mummies into sight, and want to point out their good qualitoes. Oh, it is awful! Let me exhort such to heed the advice of Paul found in Philippians iv: 8.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—From a "Charge to the People," by the Rev. L. C. Markham.

**A Revival in Japan.**

During these summer months special evangelistic services have been held in many cities and towns of Japan—nearly all the Protestant churches uniting in these daily meetings. Inquirers are multiplying, and while it is too early to make definite statements as to the number of conversions, it is believed that there will be, not only substantial gains in all the churches, but a spiritual uplift throughout the empire. An interesting incident is reported as having occurred in connection with the special religious awakening at Tokyo. The converts there show the genuineness of their new faith by generous contributions for the work of preaching the gospel. Among others a policeman gave a large finger-ring to be used for the benefit of his fellow-policemen. It seems that until recently this man had been a zealous Buddhist, and had received this ring from the priests on account of his efficient service in connection with their Buddhist association. Like Saul, he hated the name of Christian, and sought by violent methods to oppose it. But the Lord converted him, and his conversion necessitated his leaving his business, which was one that no Christian could pursue, and so he took the poorly-paid office of a policeman. And he now wishes that this ring, given

him because of his opposition to Christianity, be used for its promotion. Several instances of this sort are reported in recent communications from Japan.—"Congregational Work."

A convention composed exclusively of ministers and church officers was in session in a large city. One of the daily papers called attention to the fact that a look into the faces of the company gave one the impression of brains and goodness. This remark was no inconsiderable tribute to the gospel. For this is what the truth of Christ is doing everywhere—writing lines of holiness, selflessness, and thoughtfulness upon the features of men and women.

One of the greatest arts in life, and one of the most neglected, is that of finding happiness in little things.

The best way to do good to ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather is to scatter.—Selected.

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## THE PACIFIC

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"When I wrote to you in March, asking advice as to what to do for myself," says Mrs. Ella Reynolds, of Guffie, McLean Co., Ky., "I was expecting to become a mother in June, and was sick all of the time. Had been sick for several months. Could not get anything to stay in my stomach, not even water. Had mishaps twice in six months, and threatening all the time with this one. Had female weakness for several years. My hips, back and lower bowels hurt me all the time. Had numbness from my hips down. Had several hard cramping spells, and was not able to do any work at all. I received your answer in a few days, telling me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took three bottles, and before I had taken it a week I was better, and before I had taken it a month I was able to help do my work. On the 27th of May my baby was born, and I was only sick three hours, and had an easy time."

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**Carrying Sunshine or Shadows.**

"I always like to talk things over with Sister Mary when I am in trouble," said one woman to another. "She understands, and it's a comfort to tell things to somebody who cares enough for you to be troubled by everything that troubles you."

"Yes, that is sharing half your load with her," said the other, quietly; "but has Mary no loads of her own to carry?" Then, as if she feared the question might sound intrusive or unkind, she added: "I have learned to think of that, of late years, because I had a brother who was to me what your sister is to you. He was one of those on whom others naturally lean—wise, strong, tender and patient—and I carried my griefs and worries to him, always sure of sympathy."

"Not until his brave life ended did I realize how many heavy burdens of his own he had been bearing. Business cares and reverses, grave family anxieties, increasing physical disability and the knowledge that disease was surely eating his life away—all this has been pressing sorely upon him. I know that many a weary day, which possibly I might have brightened a little, I had made his burden heavier by the weight of my own. I never think of his dear, kind face without wishing I had carried him my sunshine instead of my shadows."

The work an unknown good man does is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.—Carlyle.

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